

# THE HOUSEWIFE

MARCH

1910



# THE A.D. PORTER CO # PUBLISHERS # NEW YORK #



By Everett Hyde

IT is probably not an exaggeration to say that fifty out of a hundred readers of magazines and newspapers have only the faintest conception of what advertising really is worth. It is probably only the exception who realizes that the money which comes to a magazine to pay for subscriptions does little more than cover the actual cost of the paper used. It is usually the advertising returns which bring in the profit.

In the early days of newspapers the science of advertising was not comprehended at all. For that reason, subscriptions were expensive matters—a newspaper cost ten times as much as it does now, and was, in addition, carelessly gotten up. When some far-seeing individual once grasped the possibilities of advertising, the results were instantaneous and permanent. The price of advertising space rose, the subscription price fell, and the periodical was therefore able to put before the public more reading matter than ever before at a small fraction of the previous cost.

Very often the publishers of a magazine such as THE HOUSEWIFE receive letters such as the following: "Why don't you leave out the advertisements and give us all reading?" "Why can't we have the paper without advertisements?" The reason is without advertising there would be no papers at all.

The price which periodicals charge the advertisers is really a price for placing the advertisements before the eyes of a certain number of readers. It is perfectly obvious that a man who is about to spend several thousand dollars in publicity for a certain article will pay far more for the same amount of space in a magazine with a circulation of 500,000 than he will in one with only 75,000 subscribers. If the man has only a comparatively small amount to spend, or if he plans to invest many thousands, he is most certainly going to put his money where it will do the best work.

Advertising rates depend upon circulation—therefore, in order to obtain advertising for his periodical, the publisher must make it so attractive and interesting that it will obtain circulation. The reader very rarely considers, when he sees a handsome magazine, filled with interesting stories and beautiful illustrations, that behind it there are these distinct processes of advertising evolution.

Perhaps the most curious part of all is the part that the actual readers play. It is in the power of the subscribers themselves to make their own reading better, and to receive more for their money, by co-operation with their favorite magazines. An increased circulation for the periodical means a higher advertising rate, and consequently more income which must be expended on better stories and illustrations to make those new subscribers permanent!

Now to consider the matter from a different angle, advertising enables the merchant to sell his goods in larger quantities, and thus at a lower price, again benefitting the reader. City products are quickly shown to those who live in the suburbs, mail orders are of tremendous extent; the merchant renews his advertisement; the periodicals increase in size and quality.

The reader reaps the benefits of advertising in both ways, in quality and quantity of reading matter, and in quality and economy in merchandise. Under these circumstances the thoughtful person will scarcely write again "Why don't you leave out the advertisements?"

### Fitted Too Well

A clergyman in an interior town married a woman from whom he received a dowry of \$10,000 and a prospect of more. Shortly afterwards, while occupying the pulpit, he gave out a hymn, read the first verse, and proceeded to read the fifth, commencing:

"Forever let my grateful heart," then he hesitated and exclaimed: "The choir will omit the fifth verse." Some of the congregation read the verse for themselves and smiled as they read:

Forever let my grateful heart  
His boundless grace adore,  
Which gives ten thousand blessings now  
And bids me hope for more.

### All the Same to Her

The mistress looked dejectedly at the latest domestic, just over, and willing to begin at only four dollars a week.

"What can you do?" she asked, with no hope in her heart.

"Anything at all, sure!" was the encouraging response. The mistress glanced about the room. There was everything to be done.

"Could you fill the lamps?" she ventured.

"I can that!" and the lamp was seized in a stout embrace. Then, with the air of one wishing above all else to suit the possible whims of a new employer, she paused to ask:

"And is it gas or wather you do be liking it filled wid?"

### Artful Scheme

Mrs. Knicker—"That little Jones boy has such beautiful table manners."

Mrs. Bocker—"Yes, his mother always feeds him at home before he is invited out."

# See What Things You Can Get For 2½ Cents a Day

In our new Housefurnishing Catalog there are hundreds of home comforts which you can buy for 75 cents a month—for 2½ cents a day.

### Don't Go Without

It is needless to sacrifice the comforts of home while you are waiting to save the money. You can buy anything here on credit—just the same as for cash. Pay as convenient—no interest, no security.

We have furnished over 500,000 homes in this convenient way. Now each of these homes has a charge account with us. When new things are wanted they order on credit, and pay a little each month.

Under our plan, credit buys as cheaply as cash. We send all goods on approval. If you find any house in the country—credit or cash—that sells things as cheaply as we do, you can send our goods back.

Nobody can meet our prices. We buy up whole factory outputs when necessary to get the cost down. Our combined capital of \$7,000,000 gives us tremendous leverage and our output is larger than all similar concerns combined.

### 3,000 Bargains

Our new catalog—just out—shows 3,000 new things for the home. In selling them to us, hundreds of makers entered into competition. Not an article in the book could be bought any lower.

Our selling expense is a trifle. Our net profit is kept under 10 per cent. So there isn't a house that can begin to compete with us.

Yet we allow, on the average, over a year to pay, without charging a penny of interest. There is no red tape or publicity. Any person of good intentions is welcome to a charge account.

### 30 Days' Approval

Anything we send you may be returned within 30 days. If an article is returned we pay the freight both ways, so you are not out a penny in the transaction.

You run no risk of being dissatisfied about style, or price, or anything. Don't keep what

## On Credit

Furniture Silverware  
Carpets Chinaware  
Rugs Graphophones  
Draperies Washing Machines  
Stoves Sewing Machines  
Baby Cabs Refrigerators  
Pianos Lamps and Clocks

### At Factory Cash Prices

you do not want. That's one great advantage of a charge account—you can have things sent on approval.

### Our New Catalogs

Our General Catalog pictures and describes 3,000 new things for the home—Furniture, Carpets, Draperies, China, etc.

Our Stove Catalog shows 70 styles of Empire Stoves and Ranges, from 89c up. These are the famous fuel-saving stoves.

Our Piano Catalog quotes a saving of from \$100 to \$150 on many styles of pianos.

Our Talking Machine Catalog shows Columbia Graphophones and the new disc records.

Cut out this coupon and state in it which catalog you want. Mail it to us, before you forget it, and see what amazing offers you get.

### Cut Out This Coupon

Spiegel, May, Stern Co.  
3399 Fisk Street, Chicago

Mail me your \_\_\_\_\_ catalogs.

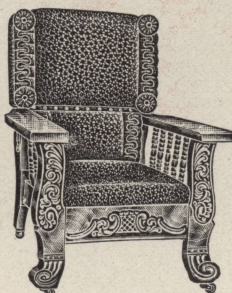
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Postoffice \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_



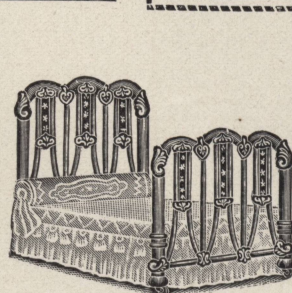
**K-5742—Kitchen Cabinet.**  
Seasoned hardwood, oak front; 65 inches high; base 44x20 inches.  
\$1.50 first payment, 75c monthly payments. Total price, \$8.75.



**K-7724—Morris Chair.**  
American quartered oak, adjustable back, fabric-covered leather covering, carved frame.  
75c first payment, 50c monthly payments. Total price, \$5.10.



**K-8018—Park Folding Go-Cart.**  
With entire steel running gear. Has cane seat and English leather hood, cloth lined.  
\$1.50 first payment, 75c monthly payments. Total price, \$8.95.



**K-6911—Beautiful Iron Bed.**  
Finished in any single color desired. Pillars are 1½ inches in diameter. Panel is finely decorated. Comes in 4 feet 6 inch size only.  
75c first payment, 50c monthly payments. Total price, \$5.85.



**K-9152—Brussels Rug.**  
9x12 ft. Green background, with tan and green floral design with red and pink roses. High grade.  
\$1.50 first payment, 75c monthly payments. Total price, \$11.95.

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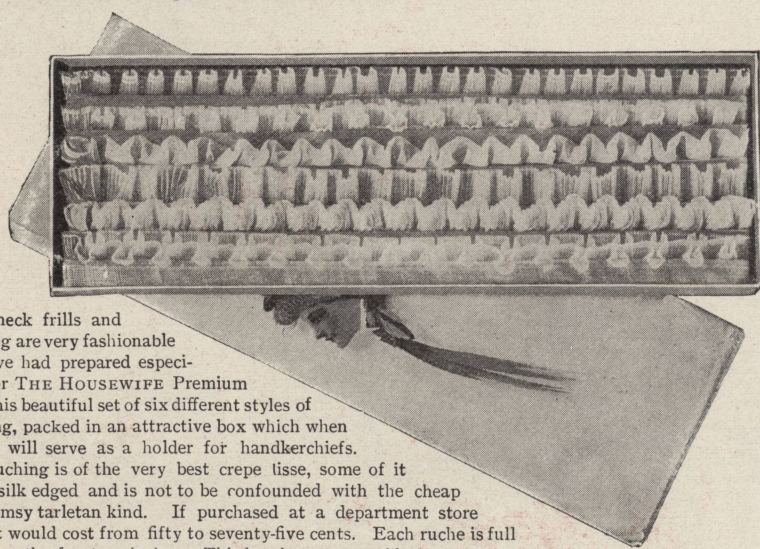
**SPIEGEL, MAY, STERN CO.,**

**3399 Fisk Street, Chicago, Ill.**

## BOX OF FINE CREPE LISSE RUCHING

Premium No. 278

Given with The Housewife for One Year for 60 cents, or Given Free for a club of only Two yearly subscribers at 35 cents each, or Four at 25 cents each. Selling price without Subscriptions 40 cents each.



As neck frills and ruching are very fashionable we have had prepared especially for THE HOUSEWIFE Premium List this beautiful set of six different styles of ruching, packed in an attractive box which when empty will serve as a holder for handkerchiefs. The ruching is of the very best crepe tisse, some of it being silk edged and is not to be confounded with the cheap and flimsy tarlatan kind. If purchased at a department store the set would cost from fifty to seventy-five cents. Each ruche is full neck length—fourteen inches. This box is sent prepaid.

## POPULAR LACE DUTCH COLLAR

Premium No. 266



Given with The Housewife for One Year for Sixty cents, or Given Free for a club of Two yearly subscribers at 35 cents each, or Four at 25 cents each. Price without subscriptions 35 cents.

The all-lace Dutch collar is the most popular neck wear for ladies, misses and children, and the one in THE HOUSEWIFE Premium List is a close imitation of very expensive Irish crochet. It is strong, handsome and durable and large enough to fit any neck from ten to fifteen inches. It will make a beautiful addition to a coat, waist or dress, and if bought in a department store would cost from thirty-five to fifty cents. Sent postpaid.

## IMPORTED LINEN CENTERPIECE

Premium No. 325

Given with The Housewife for One Year for Seventy-five cents, or Given Free for a club of Three Yearly subscribers at 35 cents each, or Six at 25 cents each. Price without subscriptions 60 cents each.



This Eighteen Inch Imported Linen Centerpiece which we have had made up specially for Housewife readers is stamped in handsome Grape Leaf Design for outlining with Coronation Braid, Edge to be Buttonhole-stitched. Sufficient Best Mercerized Coronation Braid and Buttonholing Floss for working are given free with the Centerpiece.

Address The Housewife, 52 Duane St., New York

### SPECIAL OFFER

Our Spring and Summer Fashion Catalogue containing over 1000 latest designs (100 pages) is now ready for mailing and will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10 cents to cover the actual cost of mailing and handling. Don't delay but send in your order now.

The Housewife Pattern Dept., 52 Duane St., N. Y.

Address The Housewife, 52 Duane St., New York, P. O. Box 1198.



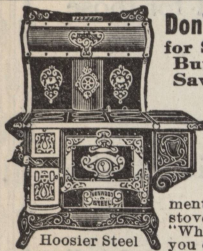


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If you will send us the name and address of a **Club-Raiser**—that is, some one who goes around and solicits subscriptions for papers or magazines—in your vicinity, we will send you **Free**, to pay you for your trouble, a copy of **any one** of the following **Books** that you may select: *A Window in Thrums*, by J. M. Barrie; *A Bitter Reckoning*, by Charlotte M. Braemer; *The Doings of Ragles Han*, by A. Conan Doyle; *Norine's Revenge*, by Mrs. May Agnes Fleming; *Stella Newton*, by Charles Garvice; *Helen's Babies*, by John Habberton; *Jessie Graham*, by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. Only one address is wanted and only one book will be sent. If you are a club-raiser, send your own address. None wanted from Canada. Address: **F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, 27 City Hall Place, New York.**



### WHEEL CHAIRS

A Wheel Chair is often an invalid's greatest comfort. We offer over 75 styles of these easy, self-propelling and Invalid's Rolling Chairs, with latest improvements. Ship direct from factory to you, freight prepaid, and sell on

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AND BADGES FOR COLLEGE, SCHOOL, SOCIETY OR LODGE. Either style with any three letters or figures and one or two colors of enamel, Sterling Silver, 25c each, \$2.50 a doz.; Silver Plated, 10c ea., \$1.00 a doz. Special designs in Pins or Badges made for any School or Society, at low prices. Send design for estimate. Catalogue free.

Bastian Bros. Co., 377 South Ave., Rochester, N.Y.



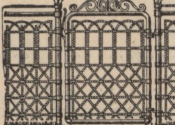
### ORNAMENTAL FENCE

Cheaper and more durable than wood. For Lawns, Churches, Cemeteries, Public Grounds. Also Farm and Poultry Fence. Catalogue free. Write for Special Offer.

**THE WARD FENCE CO. BOX 131, DECATUR, IND.**

**GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE** of pure bred poultry, for 1910, 200 pages, handsomely illustrated, 150 engravings, photos, 30 fine colored plates, describes 65 leading varieties of land and water fowls, gives low prices of stock, eggs, incubators, poultry supplies, etc. Calendar for each month. How to care for poultry and all details. Only 10 cents. Send to-day.

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### ORNAMENTAL FENCE

25 Designs, All Steel. Handsome, cheaper than wood, more durable. Special prices to churches and cemeteries. Don't buy a fence until you get our free catalog.

**Kokomo Fence Machine Co.**  
446 North St., Kokomo, Ind.

# THE HOUSEWIFE

LILIAN DYNEVOR RICE, Editor

Published Monthly by The A. D. Porter Co., 52 Duane Street, New York.  
A. D. Porter, President. A. S. Michel, Treasurer. C. W. Corbett, Jr., Secretary.

### TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

Single subscriptions, Thirty-Five Cents a year in advance, Single Copies, Five Cents. The postage is prepaid to all parts of the United States. Subscribers in New York City must add 24 cents to the yearly price to pay for city delivery, and those in Foreign Countries, including Canada, must add 24 cents to the yearly subscription price, for necessary postage.

Please send remittances by Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order, Bank Draft or Registered Letter. United States postage stamps will be accepted at face value.

In requesting a change of address it is imperative that the old address be given as well as the new, and six weeks' notice is required.

As subscriptions are always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for, renewals should be promptly forwarded because we cannot, as a rule, supply back numbers. The receipt of the Magazine with a Pink Subscription Blank enclosed indicates that your subscription has expired and should be renewed without delay.

Address all communications to The Housewife, 52 Duane Street, New York

## FROM THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX

### Suggestions from the Readers of The Housewife

THE editorial mail is varied and always interesting, consisting as it does of letters from all over the world, discussing a wide range of subjects, and telling, unconsciously often, of strong individuality. One fact among others they make impressive, that is the American Woman has excellent business capability, and has contrived frequently to combine successfully domestic duties with money-making—not fortune-making by any means, but pin-money sufficient for her to indulge in small purchases whenever she feels like so doing without accounting for them to anyone. As a tonic to other women who want pin-money but do not know how to go about earning it we print the following unsolicited letters selected from many of like character because they give really helpful suggestions in practical and concise form.

#### A Business which Requires no Capital but Perseverance

DEAR EDITOR:

When I see the complaints of many women who want to earn a little money without leaving home for any length of time, read of their burning desire to make a little pin-money, I can't help wondering why they don't try getting subscribers for periodicals. It is so easy a way of earning and you can start without expending more than a few cents for postage to ask for sample copies and terms of publishers. You can put a few copies of whatever magazine you canvas for in the baby-carriage when you take "his majesty" out to ride and leave them at friends' houses for examination. Then send an older child, or go later on yourself, to take the subscription. Ask people who come in to read a copy and give you a subscription. Use the telephone to mention your avocation. Use the mail. Cultivate reciprocity by asking your "butcher, baker and candlestick maker" to subscribe.

Getting subscriptions is like the old omnibus, "there's always room for one more" in the profession and I always wonder why more women do not try this profitable, ever-waiting way of earning pin-money. E. E. K., of Massachusetts.

You will observe this good friend of ours has planned her campaign so that it means not only money but fresh air and sociability, and her profitable outings with the baby take no more time than if she wheeled the carriage up and down in front of her house.

#### This Should Interest Our Readers Who Are Skillful with the Needle

DEAR EDITOR:

I thought you might be interested to know how one of your departments has helped me to make my own spending money. I can embroider nicely and whatever I have made as presents for my friends has been much admired, so I thought I would try to turn my talents to some account. I did not wish to venture much money at first, so hunted through the scrap bag for all large pieces of white linen it contained, sent for a stamping outfit and planned out just what my material would make, keeping my small capital for embroidery silk and cotton. By careful planning I got out four corset covers, two guimpes for little girls, a bib and a cap for a baby, also several Dutch and stock collars, pincushion tops and bows. I sold everyone of these, showing them to callers and business people who came for household orders, and then spent the money I made in more materials, also had cards printed which I paid a small boy to leave at the houses where I thought such work might be wanted. Now I have plenty of pleasant work and do not have to leave my home duties to attend to it. As THE HOUSEWIFE really was the cause of my starting such work I feel it should have the credit.

MRS. R., of Pennsylvania.

#### A Fair Exchange in Purely Domestic Interests

Neighborliness is a virtue more common in small than large communities, but this idea might be carried out wherever there are babies and housekeepers.

DEAR EDITOR:

I read letters every now and then from the Sister Housewives in which they say our magazine has been so much help to them, but none of them has mentioned the way it has been helpful to my neighbors and me. We, my husband and myself, have three little ones whom I would not leave in the care of a servant for anything in the world, so if it was not for the fair exchange I am going to tell about I would never have a chance to go with my husband to evening entertainments or calling, but I have also some kind neighbors, one of whom is not successful in baking for which I seem to have a positive talent. I have kept all the recipes which have appeared from time to time in THE HOUSEWIFE, so have a valuable store to call upon, and every week I bake bread, cake and pie for my neighbor and one afternoon and one evening a week she takes care of my babies for me. Another neighbor gets me to make a fancy dessert on Saturday for her when I make my own for Sunday, and she cuts out dresses and other garments for the children in return. In this way none of us feels under obligation, and all of us are helped. Success to THE HOUSEWIFE and the other housewives.

MRS. N. W. K., of Ohio.

#### Important Notice to Subscribers

Several thousand subscriptions to THE HOUSEWIFE expire with this number. When your copy of the magazine is received, please look through it very carefully; if a Pink Subscription Blank is enclosed it indicates that your subscription has expired and should be promptly renewed if you desire to continue for another year. Sometimes a subscriber, who has already renewed, may receive this blank. That does not mean that the renewal has not been received and duly entered. It is because we begin to address the wrappers two weeks before mailing, and the renewal may have reached us after the copy containing the blank has been addressed.



### For Safety

Old Dutch Cleanser is the only safe and hygienic cleanser for pots, kettles, pans and all cooking utensils, because it is entirely free from acid, caustic and alkali. Soap-particles can never get into the food, as often happens when soap is used. Old Dutch Cleanser is a pure mineral, which cleans mechanically, not chemically. It is also best for cleaning glassware and cutlery. Avoid caustic and acids, and use this pure, safe Cleanser in your kitchen.

### For Convenience

This one, handy, all-round Cleanser takes the place of old-fashioned soaps, soap-powders, scouring-bricks and metal-polishes—does all their work—and does it easier, quicker and better.

#### Cleans, Scrubs Scours, Polishes

Learn the convenience of doing all your cleaning with one cleanser. Old Dutch Cleanser will keep your entire house spick and span with very little help from you.

### For Economy

Old Dutch Cleanser not only means an economy of time and labor, but also of expense. It enables you to save the cost of several old-fashioned cleansers, and this saving amounts to a considerable sum at the end of the year.

If your grocer doesn't keep it, send his name and 10c in stamps to Cudahy, Omaha, Neb. for a full-size can.

#### Large, Sifter-Can 10c

(At your grocer's)





State.....



# THE HOUSEWIFE

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

Entered at New York Post Office as Second Class Matter. Copyright 1910 by The A. D. Porter Co. Trade Mark Registered

Vol. XXVI

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1910

No. 10



"You'll let 'im be! You'll let 'im be, I tell ye—or I'll—"

## FOR BILLY

By Agnes Louise Pratt

Illustrated by Wilson C. Dexter

**Y**OU'LL let 'im be! You'll let 'im be, I tell ye—or I'll—". From her seat on the low doorstep the girl mocked him scornfully. "Why? Why s'h'd I let Billy alone?"

"Why? You dast to ask me that! Why? Because he's my son, an' you're—you're—"

She rose to her feet. Her eyes glowed. Her bosom swelled with indignation. She snapped her reply at him saucily. "Because you're Hiram Drew an' own the biggest farm in the town yonder, and I'm Jim Bailey's daughter. He's lazy, an' shiftless—my father is—an' you despise him—you with your graspin', forehanded nature."

Clenching both hands she faced him daringly.

"We live here—in Box Village. You, up yonder, named it that 'cause our houses are little square huts an' not fit to live in. Is that my fault?" She turned upon him fiercely. "Say, is that my fault?"

"I've been to school, up yonder, where Billy went. That's where him an' me got acquainted. An', if I do say it," proudly, "I beat him out in all the studies. I know as much—more'n he does, an' I look as well. What is it to me if my father is lazy, shiftless, drunken? Is that my fault?"

With a sudden gesture Hiram Drew interrupted her. "I can't stand here talkin' with you all day," he said gruffly. "It's just got to stop. Billy's got to quit comin' around here an' you've got to keep him away. He's got other things to tend to besides followin' 'round after Jim Bailey's tribe, an'—so help me God!" One fist came down vehemently in the palm of the other hand. "I won't hev it! Billy's my only son. I'm gittin' along in years an' the rheumatiz troubles me bad.

He's nineteen—old enough to take most the hull care of the farm off'n my hands, an' if he wants to bring home a wife to help him it ain't goin' to be one of Jim Bailey's brats."

Her eyes sought his face deliberately and he read there all the stubbornness of her shiftless paternity, a dogged persistency that spends itself only in useless opposition.

"I'm just as good as Billy," she said slowly, "an' until he says I ain't, I ain't goin' to give him up. He likes me an' I like him—an'—you kin go home," she finished defiantly.

In a swift blaze of anger he turned upon her. "You good-for-nothing! I'll keep him clear o' you—see if I don't! You see if he comes down here agin—"

He limped painfully away, still muttering to the echo of her mocking laugh.

All through the sunny Springtime hours she waited and watched. Daylight faded to soft dusk of the twilight but Billy did not come. Then she threw her gingham apron about her shoulders and sauntered across the low-lying cranberry bogs to the deep fringe of forest trees skirting them in the rear of Billy's home. Here was their trysting tree, a tall pine with her initials and his cut deeply into its bark. In the gloaming her practiced eye caught a gleam of white in an interstice of the roughened wood. She drew it forth and read:

DEAR LILLIE:

You will see by this that I can't get away from Father so as to see you at all to-day. He has followed me, tight at my heels, and I am writing this up in the barn loft where he thinks I am pitching hay. His rheumatism is bothering him something awful now and he is as cross as two sticks. I'll try to come over to-morrow, but I don't know. The fires have started over the other side of the woods, and if the wind shifts and sends them this way, I'll have to go and help the other men. I'll come if I can though.

BILLY.

She smiled scornfully. So much for his father's opposition. She was still mistress of Billy's affections. A recriminating sense of the power of the rugged farmer impressed her when she reflected that he had been

successful in separating them for the length of one day, and something like a feeling of despair tugged at her heart as she skirted the cranberry bogs on her homeward way.

At the door of the hovel she sat down and gazing far above the serried rows of dark pine trees, fancied she could discern a lurid line in the distant skies. From within, the hueless voice of her father disturbed her reverie.

"Whar you bin, Lil?"

"Oh, jes over 'cross the meadows, in the woods." Then, as an afterthought, "The fires hev started."

"Is that so?" She heard him draw a long whiff from his pipe and detected the dawning interest of his voice. "They'll be some fun then. The wind's changin' an' blowin' this way."

Sure enough. She lifted her face and a damp cool breath caressed it. To her sharpened senses the merest suggestion of smoke drifted, and she turned anxiously toward the dim interior of her shabby abode.

"If it comes this way," she said earnestly, "and they can't stop it, likely it'll take all the bogs same as it did last time, an' some of the houses."

"Wal." Her father loomed suddenly in the doorway. "It'll be fun watchin' them go. By gum!" and he lifted his nostrils like a keen-scented hunting dog, "you kin smell the smoke now all right. See the blue cloud of it over the woods. It's comin' all right."

The girl turned her face a trifle toward him. In the gathering gloom he could not see the withering scorn that darkened her eyes. "I 'spose you'll help them fight it?" she questioned.

He chuckled surprisedly. "Me? Not on your life."

A burning sense of shame possessed her. She did not blame Hiram Drew for despising her father. He was one of these and had all their idle, dissolute ways. He



would not work and he gloried in the destruction of the hard earned savings of others more thrifty than he. But she—she was not like him. Could they not see that? She clutched her heart fiercely and a great, gasping sob rose to her lips. "Come Lil," the toneless voice of the yawning man standing behind her fell jarringly on her agony of soul. "It's time to go to bed."

She rose listlessly and followed him into the grimy interior. All that night her heart ached with the torture of her soul's awakening. Thanks to Billy's father, she knew now what made the difference between her and Billy. It was her environment, her paternity. She was as good as Billy, but would Billy's children be as good if she were their mother? In the darkness she reached out her hands and whispered, "Billy, oh, Billy!"

In the morning she had not given Billy up. Only a new hatred had been born for his father, deep and searing. Cool winds blew freshly in her face as she stepped to the door. Over the tops of the waving pines a dull streak of red hung sullenly from beneath a graying cloud. All the long forenoon she watched that thickening cloud of purplish smoke, the ever widening band of lurid red.

Toward noon the wind freshened. She could see the smoke drifting over till a pall hung heavily in the background of Hiram Drew's substantial home. A little expression of gloating crept into her eyes. She would go over to the big pine and see if Billy had left another note for her since the previous night.

Presently she was back again, his note spread out on her knee in the dancing sunlight. The resentment in her eyes grew apace as she perused it.

DEAR LILLIE:

The fire is spreading and the wind is our way. So I can't come over to-day. Father is laid up in the house with another attack of rheumatism and it would be a splendid chance for me to see you if it wasn't for that plaguey old fire. If it would only rain and put out the fire to-night and Father's rheumatism don't get any better, I'll be over there to-morrow, sure.

BILLY.

The girl laughed scornfully. "He'll keep you from it somehow," she muttered.

Something impelled her glance upward. Great pillars of smoke writhed and twisted from a bank of reddening blaze. Fiery sparks fell hissing in the dry growth of the cranberry bogs, inciting little conflagrations that widened and met, commingled and blazed smartly up, licking eagerly at the fragrant winds with vicious, darting tongues.

By ever so trifling a variation the wind had veered the monster sheet of flame in the direction of the Drew farm. She glanced at the sun, the timepiece of Box Village. It was noon. Billy's mother would have left the house to carry food to her son. Farmer Drew was alone, helpless, in his bed in yonder house.

The crackling growth of the lowlands burned steadily, flames creeping close to the blackened earth. But far above the heads of the pines, flaunting against the silken softness of the skies, flying its lurid streamers in the face of the sun, the real conflagration roared. Fifty feet high, a solid sheet of flame swept unrestrained, touching with devastating breath, the peaceful homes of the plain New England people. Here and there a firebrand dropped over some tidy home or plethoric barn and as if by magic it was consumed.

Fascinatedly the girl watched the great four-square house where lay her deadly enemy. She could feel a breath of sultry air fan her face. The windows of the farmhouse glowed already. She heard the crackle, the roar and swish of the onrushing fury and her eyes, her nostrils smarted from the pungent smoke.

A monster firebrand hurled from the very heart of the seething torment turned twice in midair and fell on the

roof of the great house. The swift revulsion of her emotions overwhelmed her. A wicked smile just curled her lips, a vengeful light awaited birth in the depths of her eyes. Then her awakening soul asserted itself. The dormant spark glowed, kindled and burst to flame as her feet hastened to the bidding of her su-



"Go on. Leave me here, I'd rather die than try to walk, it hurts so."

preme self:

She thrust aside all feeling of enmity, of bitterness. All she thought of was life to be saved. The eagerness of her youth, lightness and agility of her perfect health lent her wings and as great volumes of flame and smoke rolled away from the roof of the house, she entered its door.

With swift intuition she reached the upper room where waited her enemy bound by pain and disease. He was sitting on the bed, half dressed but looked up to gasp, "I thought it was Mother. Ain't the roof afire?"

"Yes! Yes! You'll hev' to hurry." The light of enthusiasm glowed in her eyes. Her hands searched diligently for his coat.

"Me? Hurry?"

"You must." She wrapped the coat about his shoulders and putting her hands under his arms urged him to rise.

"Ow!" A sudden twinge made him cower. "Don't you see—I can't?"

"But you must. Hear it roar? There ain't anyone near to help you—or me. We shall both be burned

here," she entreated him, "if you don't hurry up and git out—somehow."

"You kin go." Some sense of compunction for the girl seemed to stir him. "Git out yourself. Don't wait for me."

"No." Her lips paled, "I can't leave you. I could run down stairs myself in a minute, an' git out. But—" with quivering lips, "I can't leave you an' I ain't agoin' to, neither. I'm goin' to try to git you out. There ain't no other way."

Flames crackled all about them, the roar was in their ears, the stifling smoke in their nostrils. The room seemed full of blue haze that dimmed their vision. With a mighty effort the old man straightened himself up.

The girl pressed to his side hurriedly offering her shoulder for support. "Never mind if it does hurt. It ain't half so bad as being burnt up alive in your bed. You've got to go."

Half way across the room his faltering steps halted. Great beads of agony stood on his forehead. "It hurts so," he groaned, "I can't go no further. You go on an' git someone."

"I tell you there ain't no one. Come!" She laid hold of him with both her strong young hands and pulled him to the stairway. The awful pain of his swelled joints was too much and he sank down protesting feebly.

"Go on. Leave me here. I'd rather die than try to walk, it hurts so." That portion of the roof whose shelter they had just left fell in with a crash and the stairway tottered under their feet. The girl turned a pallid stony face to his.

"Wal, then," she announced firmly, "I kin die too. There ain't but a few minutes more an'—" Sudden bitterness tintured her tone, "life ain't worth much to me now, anyway. If you won't go I'll stay."

For the briefest period they faced death together, an ill-assorted pair. Then the rugged farmer clenched his teeth. "Come on then," he muttered, grasping her arm uncertainly. "I'll git you out of here if I die."

His face grew tense with the awful agony of each movement, deep gasping breaths accompanied every step, but the girl, with the roar of devouring flames in her ears, led him, step by step, supporting him when he swayed from sheer pain and weakness, and dragging his burly frame when it refused to go further.

Smoke begrimed, with smarting eyeballs and quivering nostrils, they finally emerged to the clear air. The old man sank exhaustedly to the ground, gazing with saddened eyes at the blackened timbers of his comfortable home, the devastating march of flame across his acres of cranberry bogs. From these his eyes wandered to the girl's

face. "It's more'n I'd do for you," he said ruminatively, "or any of your tribe."

"I didn't do it for you," she assured him; "I did it for Billy, an' because somethin' told me it was right."

A moisture gathered in the old man's eyes. Pain, and the nearness of death had softened his hard nature. "You saved my life," he said, "an' I shan't forget it neither. If you'll come to us I guess we can make somethin' o' you."

The girl eyed him queerly. "I wouldn't for you," she said.

"Would you for Billy?" he inquired.

"Yes I would for Billy," she replied. And when the grateful rain fell that night in saving showers, the compact was sealed in Billy's presence.

## THE THOUSANDTH COUPLE

By Susan Hubbard Martin

HE had kept Leffingwell on tenter hooks for weeks.

"I might marry you," she had said to him one day, "but Rupert, I'm simply afraid. How many married people are there about us who are really truly happy? I have been studying them. They sit listlessly in each other's presence without a particle of animation. There seems to be nothing for them, but a joyless tread-mill sort of existence, with no exhilaration in it. Do I want to get into a situation like that? Now when people really love one another, they show it. They must. My observation leads me to believe that they don't. The married ones, I mean. There may be the thousandth couple, but I haven't found them."

"But dearest," Leffingwell had argued, "I am sure there must be some happy married people."

"I don't know them," Mabel had retorted briefly. "And I must be convinced."

"And you are turning me down just because—"

"Because," broke in Mabel gravely, "because, I have eyes and I notice things."

"Do I want to see you opposite me for the next ten, twenty or thirty years, absolutely devoid of joy, happiness and enthusiasm, because you are married, and

married to me? That is the way married people look and act, all I've seen. Contact seems to be what does it. Why it works a perfect blight. Do I want to see you grow solemn, taciturn, grum with the years, just because you are my husband? Never! Better single blessedness a hundred times."

The next afternoon she was calling on Hilda. It was rather late. They were in the parlor. The door opened and Hilda's father came in, portly, gray haired, kindly. He greeted the girls and went into the next room."

Not long afterwards, there was a rustle of skirts, and Hilda's mother entered. She had been out calling. A fair, pretty woman, still, in spite of her early forties. She too stopped and greeted the girls.

"Dad's home," announced Hilda briefly. "Already!" Her mother's tone was joyful. She passed lightly out into the next room. Mabel found herself listening. Could it be, after all, there was a thousandth couple?

"Darling," Mabel heard in the next breath, "home so soon, how nice. I'm so glad." And then there was the unmistakable sound of a kiss.

Hilda laughed: "That's just the way they act," she said. "They've always been like sweethearts." "How long have they been married?" Mabel demanded.

"Twenty-three years."

"And they kiss each other yet, they are glad to see each other still?"

Hilda stared a little at her friend's tragic tone.

"Of course. Poor old dad, he dotes on Ma, and she—she's crazy over him."

Mabel rose.

"Not going?"

"I must. I've a message to send at once."

At the first telephone booth she called up. "That you, Rupert." "Yes, Mabel."

"Well I'm just calling you up to tell you I've found the thousandth couple. I'll consent."

"Consent to marry me?" Rupert's hand trembled so he could scarcely hold the receiver. "Can it really be?"

"Yes, I've really located them. They've been married twenty-three years. They still love each other, and I heard her kiss him."

"You darling! I'll be up at eight sharp, and you mean it?"

"Every word. Good-bye."



## FREE AND UNENCUMBERED

## A MOTHER STORY

By Emma Lee Walton

Illustrations by Edna F. Hart

THE caller rose, fluttering her silken skirts and loose ends of lace like a pretty bird pluming herself for flight. "It is altogether too bad,"

she said with real regret. "You used to be such an addition to all our gatherings that I anticipated a renewal of the good old times as soon as I heard you were coming to the suburb. I had entirely forgotten that you have two children, but always thought of you as free and unencumbered like myself."

Little Mrs. Pratt was tired and nervous and the necessity of declining another invitation was as the last drop in an overfull bucket. "The children are charming, of course," she said somewhat wearily. "But I never have been able to leave them very long. My husband is always nervous about nurses, you know. Of course Mr. Pratt and I go to the theater occasionally, but I've never been away for many hours. I know he would worry, but I do long for a good time once in a while."

"You tie yourself down too much and will be an old woman before you're forty-five," her friend said vigorously. "Children are all very well for those that like them, but I don't see why anybody should be a slave to them. Their fathers manage to have good times, I notice, without worrying, but the women have to stay behind and drudge. Well, Minnie, if you change your mind, call me up and we'll take you at the eleventh hour."

The silk and laces floated gaily down the steps to the electric brougham waiting at the curb, and the heavy front door closed after their wearers with some emphasis. They had been school-mates and Minnie Pratt had looked forward to seeing Adelaide Spencer with great pleasure, only to find herself shut out from the suburban good times because she felt she must not leave home constantly or for long. To be sure Adelaide had no children but there were women in her set who had and yet kept up the fun. Must one sit down in a corner and grow old, with no pleasure but the reading-club and occasional calls, just because one had two babies, forsooth? Adelaide and her friends were going motoring for two days and they would hold one seat for her until the last minute. To go off with these ten, the choice women of the best set, into the country, for a little jaunt in this beautiful weather away from all the anxieties of life—it was too tempting to withstand.

"Harry," she said that night, interrupting his reading somewhat timidly, "Harry, Adelaide wants me to go with the crowd on one of their trips."

"Far?" he asked, turning a leaf noisily.

She watched him with increasing nervousness. "Two or three days," she answered. "Always within reach of telegrams and trains."

"You declined, of course?"

"Of course?" she repeated blankly. "Why—yes, though she wouldn't hear to it. I never can go anywhere!"

"Don't you go to the reading-club and the Aid Society and theaters?" he asked laying down his paper. "What more do you want?"

"Isn't that just like a man!" she cried rebelliously. "Don't you know The People don't go to the things I go to, and this would be such a chance to make acquaintances among the nicer set."

"I think Mrs. Woodruff and Mrs. Mason are pretty nice," he said deliberately. "Their family trees are certainly solid mahogany. Whom do you call 'the nicer set'?" Mrs. Forsythe?"

"Why—yes," she said reluctantly. "And Mrs. Tuttle and—"

"Wasn't it Mrs. Tuttle's little girl that was over here last week to get you to tie up her sore finger?" he asked. "Where does her mother keep herself that she doesn't do her own tying? Or don't nice people do such things?"

His wife rose hastily and started out of the room, tears in her eyes, but he caught her hand as she passed and drew her to his knee with an odd little laugh.

"There, dear!" he cried penitently. "I didn't think you were so much in earnest. It isn't worth crying over, anyhow. Of course you can go and have a splendid time. We'll telephone Mrs. Spencer to-night for we must make sure she doesn't ask anyone else. You need a change and the companionship will do you good."

"I can't," she said from the depths of his coat, "I mustn't leave the c-children."

"Oh, bless you, the c-children will be all right!" he laughed. "With Dora in the kitchen and Maggie to look after them, everything will be fine. I'll be at home at night, you know, and, after all, it's only two days and will be over in no time."

So it was settled and Wednesday morning at five the great touring car stood throbbing and roaring outside of her door, filled with Adelaide's friends, excitedly laughing and joking while she ran upstairs to give another look at the sleeping babies and caution Maggie about matches and leaving poison around. It was something of a wrench to run down again, especially as Bunny wailed in his sleep roused by the voices, and she longed to comfort him. Downstairs all was gaiety, like a scene on the stage, and the babies passed to the background for the moment as she caught the infection and responded to her husband's banter as he stood at the horse-block ready to help her in. It was all so gay and picturesque, the lively spirits so contagious that she gave a little skip of delight and squeezed her husband's arm. "Isn't it lovely!" she cried gaily. "Just warm enough, no dust after the rains, and such a jolly crowd! You will close the windows if it storms, won't you? And don't forget to lock the side door. And, oh Harry, Margy's coat—"

"You mustn't say another word!" laughed her hostess as they



references to the old days when she used to go barefoot in Summer and hitching behind the grocery wagon in Winter, anyhow; Adelaide was so elegant nowadays. Once or twice a passing reference to a child made her realize with sharp pain that her babies were miles away, a fact she knew she never was wholly forgetting, but she gave herself a little shake and laughed with the rest over a sally of Mrs. Tuttle's or a pun of Mrs. Forsythe's. Was one never, then, to be able to forget duties and have a real, old-fashioned good time. Worry did not keep these other women from enjoying life, even though some of them had children they had left behind them, too.

The chauffeur was waiting for them after luncheon, and away they sped again, off over the fine village roads, through the glorious sunlight and refreshing breeze. It was the poetry of motion and she felt the intoxication with the others. They went many miles that afternoon and, though the laughter was more subdued, the joking less frequent, there was a certain quiet enjoyment about it all that was irresistible. Harry was right, they must get a touring-car. The carriage was all very well when the children were tiny, but now they were growing older they would enjoy the more rapid motion too. If only she knew the children were well and happy!

They stopped for dinner at a charming little wayside inn and rode through the cool moonlight for several hours before they reached the small hotel where rooms had been engaged for them by their hostess. It took longer than they expected, for the recent rains had swelled the rivers and there had been washouts on the way, some of them quite serious, tearing up trees and telegraph poles and necessitating wide detours. The hotel, when finally reached, was pretty and attractive, but for the first time Mrs. Pratt wondered at herself to think she had consented to join a party so intensely modern and unconventional. She had never been out at night without a relative, an old friend, or her husband, and this excursion, in her old-fashioned mind, had a strong aspect of unrestrained dissipation, that smote her conscience, sharply. Maybe that was why her husband had looked at her so oddly; perhaps he had wondered whether she was going to be rapid and flashy and up-to-date, like these other women she had so admired. The dread might explain the droop in his figure when he went back alone up the steps that very morning. She remembered that he had once boasted to a neighbor that his wife "didn't care for such things, she's one of the old-fashioned, true women you so seldom see nowadays."

The others played bridge until very late, in a private parlor, but Minnie Pratt, pleading fatigue and an ignorance of the game, went to bed early, though not to sleep. All her quiet sunny past seemed to float by her as she lay there in the darkness and her gentle lady-mother seemed to be sitting by her as she used to be when she was a little, little girl. The face was reproachful as to a naughty child and she could not bear to meet her mother's eyes. After all, wasn't there a calm peace in the quiet old-fashioned things that these others she had envied, had lost somewhere? Their feverish haste to do something new, their extravagant clothes, their excitement over bridge day after day, and the painful unrest of nervous idleness, seemed to lead them nowhere near a shadow of happiness for themselves or others. Poor little Peggy Tuttle, running to the neighbor's to have her hurt finger bound up!

Minnie Pratt seemed to see herself as another woman envying these women their good times, and she buried her face in her pillow and blushed with shame. Her heart would surely break if she did not get to sleep and loosen the hold of the terrible anxiety that possessed her. It was morning before she did, a little after Mrs. Forsythe had tiptoed softly in flushed with triumph at having won the cut-glass bowl offered by the hotel manager as first prize. Mrs. Pratt caught a glimpse of it in the dim light of the single gas jet and felt she was not very gracious, unable in offering her congratulations, to dissemble the fact that she herself would have preferred buying it to sitting up until after one, straining every muscle to outwit some better player.

With sleep there came a dream that startled her awake with a cry of agony, a dream so real that her forehead was bathed in a dew of fright, her face in the mirror opposite, haggard, drawn and white and terrified. She felt she had dreamed it all night in one prolonged agony though she knew the nature of such terrifying hours too well to believe it. So vivid was it that she was minded of tales she had heard of premonitions and brain telegraphy and she was seized with a horror she could not shake off. In it she had seen Maggie who had heard the older one cough—she could see the babies lying side by side in their cribs, in her dream—Maggie

Continued on page 13.

Sure—

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**I**T was all love and gold-spangly, gossamer dream-stuff in the garden. The Lady of Pink Perfection sat with her hand in the hand of the Knight of Dreams. In the lap of the Lady rested a crisp, yellow telegram, addressed to the Knight by his mere mortal designation of John Marshall:

JOHN MARSHALL,  
Allenville, Mo.

Referring your application can you report Monday eighth our western sales department? One hundred dollars per month. OGDEN & Co.

The Knight of Dreams picked up the magic message and read it for the twenty-first time. The Pink Lady read, too, the straggling, outer wisps of her gloss-black hair brushing his flushed cheek.

"We can get married now, Edith," sighed the Knight. "Go cover yourself with June roses and get someone to give you away." The voltage from the answering squeeze of her small, warm hand thrilled clear to the roots of his hair.

"But the clothes—the trousseau," she objected. "I have nothing to wear—not a blessed thing!"

He kissed her, then glanced guiltily about, to find only a busybody yellowhammer looking. "Oh, hang the clothes on Aunt Jemima's wash-line!" he urged, "What are the hundred blessed dollars for? I'll buy you wash silks and brocaded satins, crepe de chine and calico, cloth of gold and Dublin lace. It's Mendelssohn's March for Monday morning."

She did not answer, but he tingled again from head to foot with the voltage from the little, pinkish hand, and in the blue depths of her eyes he read the whole encyclopaedia of love—from Amor through Eros and Thisbe to Venus. "We shall do splendidly on the one hundred dollars—and we have waited a long time," she sighed. "Isn't it just like the film and fleece of a beautiful dream caught and made fast in the cold, gray moments of waking?"

The voltage attained almost to a sizzle, so that the pert yellowhammer, being a good, cuddly bird and an excellent conductor on his own account, flew away in vaulting alarm. "It will give us just what we want," declared young Marshall. "A cozy, comfy home-castle, the crepe de chine and peau de soie stuff for you, a bit of broadcloth for my broad shoulders, seats at the opera, the best lectures, books, an auto spin now and then, quaint tricks and trappings in mahogany and teakwood for the home, a few real art-daubs for the walls, capons and chops for the table—and a little, growing account at the bank. We shall be happier than two kitty-cats with a pink ball."

"We must have five rooms in a desirable house on a good street," she instructed, "with every detail of furnishing unique in its way; the tableware of real cut-glass and silver; and touches of bronze and marble for the reception room. Can we do that on the hundred dollars?"

He conquered her pretty anxiety with vigorous nods of his curly head. "Sure. A hundred dollars every month! Why, you can quaff your lake water from sparkling crystal and hide your pretty neck in velvety ermine."

For a bit the folds and wrinkles of his hand-me-down blue serge took the place of the velvety ermine, while they dreamed vigorously of the Castle of Bliss. To the man it was a radiant, high-colored palace of ecstasy, crammed and draped with beautiful things the nature and the names of which he cared nothing about, so long as the dainty glow of her presence hallowed its precincts. To the girl the Castle and the trappings were of more definite orderliness, made perfect by the cheery, true-heart quality of his companionship.

"To me you have always been different from other women," he confided. "A slip of pink-and-porcelain perfection, without a single petty trait. I cannot imagine you in a frayed kimono standing fussing over a back fence with a neighbor."

"To me," she whispered, "you have always been alone among men. A true knight of to-day without a flaw or blemish."

The sun went down with the small warm hand of the Lady of Pink Perfection still in the hand of the Knight of Dreams, while the magic message of the hundred golden dollars lay trampled upon and neglected on the gravel and the wise, imperti-



"We can get married now, Edith"



## Dreaming Castle

By Stuart B. Stone

Illustrations by R. G. Vosburgh



ment yellowhammer winged cloudward questing for a mate of his own.

The wedding was a hurried, flurried, little affair of roses, ribbons and Mendelssohnish music in the tiny, half-dark parlor, with no cards and a huddled, card-tagged display of gifts running from cut-glass nappies to Gobelin portieres and bearing love of the givers. Then, in a shower of rice and confetti, with pink-and-white ribbons tied in heart-knots and with run-down, soleless shoes dangling ridiculously upon their trunks, they set out for the Dreaming Castle at the rim of the delectable plain.

The first sallying forth on the quest of the Dreaming Castle followed the discovery, in the "Apartments for Rent—Unfurnished" column, of this:

"Five large, bright rooms and bath, in quiet neighborhood, southern exposure. Hot water, heat; gas. An attractive proposition for housekeeping. \$20."

"Eureka!" cried the Knight of Dreams. "The castle—the castle! Don't you see the sun's golden shafts illuminating the bastions and turrets! Can't you hear the heralds blowing for parley?" And the Perfection Lady stooped and kissed him where his rather pale, long cheek eddied into a constant dimple.

When they arrived at the Dreaming Castle, they found the moat ran with lager beer from the pyramid-piled kegs of "Tom and Charley's Place" beneath; and the drawbridge led up a dark, creaking stair to the fourth floor of a crowded hive. The Lady shrank back, but the Knight said cheerily, "We'll see it out," and they climbed the rickety stair. On the way they passed a cherub in blue calico wagging a sweating tin bucket. From the open windows they beheld little children brawling over a goat in an alley. In the rear a mountain range of rusted tin cans cut up a wilderness of ash and cinders. The dizzy upper heights gleamed with lines of flapping, vivid garments. The smell of cooking onions mingled with the odor of frying fish. A red-haired, tired-faced woman stuck her uncombed head from the building opposite and hailed a swarthy, fleshy lady just beneath them:

"Mrs. Dinelli, have ye heerd about the row over at Epstein's?" Mrs. Dinelli had not heard, so they had the diverting tale.

Marshall groaned. "This is not the Castle. Let's go strain our eyes over 'Apartments to Let—With Heat.'"

After that they tramped weary miles in the fag ends of weary days, ransacking flats, rooms, cottages, apartments—tiny, one-chamber, tablet-compressed abodes with a kitchen in a hole in the wall; bare, bleak, mouldering, garret-flats; gorgeous, automatic-rigged, appallingly-expensive apartments. Always they turned away baffled and disappointed because the price form-

ed the biggest part of the monthly hundred dollars, or the place did not fulfill the legend, "Five rooms in a desirable house on a good street." Days of this reduced the Knight of Dreams to a state of despairing reckless and the Pink Perfection Lady to a condition of nervous frazzle.

Finally they drifted into the buff-brick, four-square, ten-storied Albemarle, where orchestra conductors, sporting editors, dentists and doctors and drug-store proprietors dwelt and children might not play in the marbled halls. The apartment consisted of five rooms, a dark, narrow hallway and a tiled bath with a frosted-glass window. The trimmings were of stained walnut; the floors were of hardwood parquet; weirdly-carved French-mirrored cabinet mantels bedecked the walls.

"It is a dear little place," said Edith, "but it is forty-five dollars."

"It is the Dreaming Castle," exclaimed the weary Marshall. "Who cares for forty-five old dollars!" Then they danced hand in hand through all the smart, trim rooms and christened them—his lair where the leather tomes should go, her bower of pink and gilt, the reception room where the grand company should sit in state, the plate-railed dining-room where the grand company should eat the capon and chops, and the cozy kitchenette. They were very happy that night, but Marshall dreamed of a whip-tailed, clanking-scaled dragon that came the first of every month and breathed fire over the parapets of their castle until they paid him forty-five dollars.

A lease for six months was signed and the fitting out of the Castle began the next day. The Knight of

Dreams had two hundred dollars, the savings of two years. In anticipation of his semi-monthly stipend of fifty dollars, they spent the whole vast sum. It provided a massive, French brass bed, reduced from \$60 to \$39.75; a mission library table with cunning bookshelves; a thick-pedasteled, circular dining-table of golden oak; a Morris chair tufted with green Verona, and a cumbrous, springy leather rocker besides a lot of shining steel for the kitchenette and thin, pink-and-white-and-gold trappings for the table, the plate-rail and the tops of the cabinet mantels. The Knight of Dreams returned to work, but the Pink Lady sat for two bleak, barren days within the bare-walled keep awaiting the delivery of the trappings. When the goods did arrive, they had a beautiful fifteen minutes while they arranged them. The roll-columned brass bed was set up in Edith's bower of pink-and-gold and the snowy linen and rainbow comfort brought from home placed carefully upon it. They wheeled the green Morris chair and the enormous leather rocker into the reception room. The heavy weathered-oak table was dumped into his den and the forty-four volumes of "Masterpieces of the Lore of the Ages," for which he was paying two dollars per month on the installment plan, set up on the cunning shelves. After they had rolled the quarter-sawed round-table into the baronial hall, the girl looked up with troubled smile.

"Where on earth are we going to sit while we eat?" she asked.

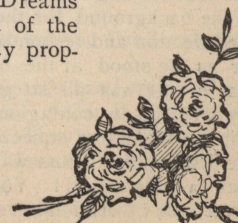
"Shades of Epicurus!" exclaimed the Knight. "We'll have to use the grand company chairs until pay day. Then we can buy a van full."

That night they spent in the Castle. Marshall salied out the postern and purchased provisions—Irish potatoes at the rate of \$3.20 a bushel; thirty cents' worth of steak because J. Schwarz, the butcher, would not for his life cut twenty cents' worth; butter of uncertain age and antecedents at forty cents a pound. When he returned to tell the doleful tale, the Lady turned white.

"We shall starve!" she cried. "Why at home I could get Mrs. Turner's best Jersey butter at fifteen cents. You surely picked out the highest places."

He flushed. "I'll let you go next time. Maybe you can soften the heart of J. Schwarz. Maybe you can bear the market on potatoes and rejuvenate the butter."

Then they wheeled in the great, luxurious chairs and the Knight of Dreams perched on the fat, leather arm of the rocker while the Perfection Lady propped against the oaken armrests of the Morris chair and they ate their first meal in painful silence. But at the end of the feast, he went over and stroked her gloss-black





hair, and they wheeled the immense leather rocker into the chamber where the grand company would come after a bit and sat there for an hour in perfect, wordless understanding.

Before the blessed pay day rolled round, they were compelled to curtail their fare; and the last two days they lived on bread and the excelsior potatoes. Marshall went unshaven and arose at six o'clock in order to walk to the office. But the great day had to arrive at last and, with the fifty dollars in crisp currency in Marshall's pocket, they made up for the week of privation. It was a glorious, delicious day of feasting on fresh, golden-priced vegetables and berries and meats. They purchased for the Lady of Pink Perfection the scarlet parasol she had craved. They bought for the Knight of Dreams the ice-cream trousers he required to make him swagger. They seized upon a terra-cotta Cupid shooting love darts which went upon the cabinet mantel that the grand company might learn the mystery of hearts. They bought a weathered-oak clock in the form of a clicking wind-mill with shiny brass figures which they placed in the lair of the Knight. They purchased a framed copy of "The Horse Fair" and they wound up the beautiful day by paying four dollars for two orchestra seats to see the spectacular extravaganza, "The Silly Sultan of Soz." It was a grand, delirious day, and at night they nestled, happily but wearily, into the depths of the leather rocker and counted the cost. The Knight looked guiltily up.

"There's just \$19.86 left," he said, "and we didn't get any chairs or furniture. If the grand company comes, somebody will have to sit Turk fashion on the floor."

"Why, John!" gasped the Lady. "We just have to get some chairs and couches and center tables and things! Why didn't you keep closer count?"

"We just have to save the rest of this money for beef and beans and biscuits," he retorted. "Why didn't you think of these things before you spent seven dollars for a parasol that would stop the Gulf States Limited?"

Then she cried and he stamped around the battlements a bit endeavoring to bolster his waning wrath, until finally he could not, and the beautiful, delirious day went out to a woman's jerky sobbing and little, ministering pats of a man's strong hand.

It was the last of the grand, delirious days; after that, they came grindingly, monotonously alike, one after the other. The mid-month payment of fifty dollars had to be nursed carefully, for the other payment was entirely taken up by the clanking-scaled dragon who came breathing fire for the rent and by gas, ice and milk bills. The Knight of Dreams sallied out from the postern and haggled with the huge-jawed, obdurate J. Schwarz and with swarthy Greek fruit-wagon drivers named Nickolatiyans or Chacondas, after which he would return and separately and severally condemn the bread trust, the ice octopus, the meat combine. The Pink Lady read enticing bargain ads. and sighed her tender heart out for the 89 cents which would buy a purple plume Wednesday after 4:30. The dramatic columns lured them with plays they had always pined to see. There were lectures, books, drives, bonbons, bric-a-brac, ribbons and things. The great plate-glass show-windows teemed with the promised crepe de chine and the brocaded stuff that the strained hundred dollars never, never could buy. Long gray days dragged by, bringing them no nearer to any goal, while the Lady of Perfection rolled the green Verona chair into the almost empty lair and bowed the gloss-black hair upon the mission table—it was a very fine table on which to sob out one's heart. The grand company must have known of the two fine chairs, and fearing to sit like Turks on the floor, remained in the other apartments. One night the bell rang vigorously. Both of them jumped to their feet, scuffling the two splendid chairs into position, bright-eyed with expectation.

"The Lord Mayor," cried the Knight of Dreams, "or the lady downstairs who owns the red touring car!" It was only the collector come for the two-dollar monthly payment on the Masterpieces of the Ages.

In their despair they resorted to figures. The Lady would draw up to the mission table and, with pencil and paper, fight the bravest, against odds, battles with the inexorable mathematics of the situation. "Put down twenty-five dollars for groceries," he would dictate, "three dollars for gas, four dollars for carfare \*\*\* Add up and multiply by twelve." She would add and multiply in her poor, jumbled head, calling eight times six thirty-two and breaking all rules of division; and in his exasperation he made fun—the fun that hurts. The worry and the dullness told and the Pink, Perfect Lady began to slouch about the apartment in frazzled Japanese kimono, with the fine gloss-black strands in a witch's knot of tangles—a very, poor little Perfect Lady indeed.

The Knight of Dreams, lounging dispiritedly upon the French brass bed, would scold. "I wish you'd spruce up of evenings, Edith. There's no tax on keeping your head brushed, anyhow."

She turned furiously. "I must say you're a romantic figure in your sock feet without a collar and tie. I used to call you a Knight, but—"

Finally she took a ridiculous case of mumps, epidemic at the time. In his sympathy for her red, swollen presentment, it brought them closer together for a bit. They had a doctor in once after which Marshall went to the medical man's office and obtained two prescriptions. "What is your bill?" he asked.

"Twenty dollars," replied the M. D. "It is a good thing you

called me in." The Knight of Dreams shook his fist in the face of the elegant, Vandyke-bearded gentleman; then went home and perpetrated forlorn jests in an effort to persuade her that all was well.

"Why don't you behave like an intelligent Caucasian?" she asked irritably, for her jaws were very heavy.

"Aw, what's the use?" he growled. "Even mumps is a luxury up here. That Shylock charged me twenty dollars."

"I'd rather pay for it than have it," she retorted. "I know what you're thinking. You wish you hadn't dreamed so fast that day in the garden." Then she cried, and he, because she had cried so much of late, remained sullen this time; and there was deep gloom in the keep of the Castle.

By the time the clanking-scaled dragon came belching fire for the last payment under the six months' lease, they had dropped into a dull, hopeless groove. Neither of them had the pluck left to keep much "spruced up." The girl reserved her tears for the black mission table while the Knight toiled despairingly downtown. Following a dream in which the fire-breathing, clanking-scaled dragon had been accompanied by a leering hippopotamus and a chattering gorilla in his monthly demand for the forty-five dollars the Knight of Dreams glanced listlessly through the "Apartments for Rent" column.

"Here's something that looks pretty good, if we didn't think we had to have five rooms in Vanity Fair," he announced. "But what's the use. You'd find there's a powder factory underneath and that it's papered in faded cauliflowers, with the wash-lines of all nations flapping in front of your bay window."

Because there was nothing else to do, she trudged over and read:

"For Rent: Three bright, pleasant rooms and small kitchen, second floor, overlooking two quiet streets. Gas for light housekeeping included. \$18."

"Yes," she sighed, "there wouldn't be anybody within four blocks who could speak English."

The burden bore heavier upon him and that night a squirming greenish boa constrictor joined the procession that came for the rent. He became silent and ceased his half-hearted jests and he spent long hours with his head bent over upon the splendid mission table, while she lay upon the pink-and-gold bed and planned till her head ached. The outcome of it all was that he wrote a little, broken-spirited note, which he left with the mid-month fifty dollars, pinned to the snowy counterpane of the fine French bed one evening when she had gone out to haggle with J. Schwarz.

DEAR LITTLE PINK LADY: I have given up just for a bit. You see, I'm not a Knight of Dreams, but just a plain, discouraged failure. I'm going West and find an El Dorado or a place where potatoes are cheaper than gold. Here's the fifty dollars so you can go home. I'll write and send you all I can, and I'll send for you some beautiful day. If I stopped to tell you these things, I wouldn't have the nerve to go ahead. Kisses and sympathy.

JOHN.

As he slipped out, his glance encountered again the luring legend of the three pleasant rooms in the quiet, pleasant street—though he did not see the tear-splotted note placed beneath the Niagara Falls paperweight upon the splendid mission table:

GOOD OLD FAITHFUL KNIGHT: I've gone home for a while, so that you can save something for the real Dreaming Castle that is to come. I'm not a Pink, Perfection Lady, but just little, weary full-of-faults Edith. I couldn't bear to tell you. I got the money from home. I'll be back when the beautiful day comes.

Outside as he tried to persuade himself that he was bound for the terminal, a long, yellow car passed lettered "Sherman Avenue." Moved by strong impulse, he boarded the car and was deposited at Laurel Street. There was the place—one of a row of new, unpretentious bricks, all alike as peas in a pod, but neat and home-like. People—people real, human, emotional, everyday, very much like the ones they had known and loved at Allenville, took the air upon the front steps, calling one to the other. A motherly, old personage admitted him and hurriedly, feverishly, he swept through the three moderate-size, pleasant rooms. The view was of shady avenues, with a triangle of green formed by intersecting streets. "Eighteen dollars—eighteen dollars!" he murmured, as he made for the little kitchen. As he reached for the door, it suddenly opened and swung back.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated the Knight of Dreams. "Mercy me!" exclaimed the Pink Lady. They stared idiotically at each other, and the Knight waved his hand and shouted: "Who ever heard of a real, turret-and-battlement Castle Dreaming for eighteen dollars?" "This is the pink-and-gold boudoir," indicated the Lady, "and here is the lair, and here's the baronial hall. We don't need five big rooms." They almost took the motherly lady's breath as they engaged the rooms, and she followed them out and introduced them to a gathering of bright-faced, cheery neighbors. Back at Castle Failure, the Knight rushed to the pink boudoir, while the Lady flew to the green-and-black lair of books. They met at the kitchen stove shredding little, white bits of paper. The telephone bell was ringing violently. Marshall answered. "Hello," squeaked a well-known voice. "Mr. Ogden wants to know if you would consider remaining with the company at \$125?"

The Knight almost shattered the telephone with his answer, and once more the Lady fought out the Battle of Mathematics on the splendid mission table. "Put down twenty-seven saved from the dragon and twenty-five increase from J. Ogden," directed the Knight, "It makes fifty-two dollars difference. Here's to the new-and-true Castle Dreaming, with the grand company of the front door-steps!" It was an easy victory.

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# SMOKING FLAX

By Helen May Peck

Illustration by W. E. Parker

## CHAPTER I.

**A**LL a-b-o-a-r-d!" The train rumbled slowly out of the dull, brown station, with reluctant creaks and groans, and Adeline Miller sank back in the plush chair of the parlor car, and closed her eyes. She cast not a look behind at the long straight platform they were leaving; not a glance at the man on the front seat of the wagon in front of the station, nor did she respond to the "good-byes," called by two or three good-natured looking women, who were waving their hands toward her window. The train moved faster and faster, and still she sat, as though carved in stone, until the conductor entered the car, and she roused herself to give him her ticket, and pay for the chair she occupied. The porter came forward with an ingratiating smile to ask "Get y'u a footstool, lady?" to which she returned "No, thank you," in so cold a tone, as to banish both smile, and hope of future gratuities.

"Nothin' doin'," he muttered as he turned away, but if she heard, she made no sign, sinking again into a reverie so profound as to make her oblivious of all surroundings.

Some of the time her eyes were turned toward the window, but she saw nothing of the gorgeous Autumn foliage, nothing of the stately hills, blazing with the dull red of age-old oaks, nothing of the soft browns and yellows of the valley by the river. Station after station flashed past her unseeing vision; occasional stops caused a change among her fellow passengers, but coming and going were nothing to her. One thought filled her mind, her whole soul, she was free.

The wheels, as they clicked over the rails, echoed and reechoed, "free!" The shrill blasts of the whistle shrieked it "free!" and every fibre of her being responded to that word, with a passion of feeling that surged into her throat with a tension that hurt.

"Twenty-five years" she thought, "twenty-five years of slavery." But with that thought came another—blessed assurance—"but it is over. I shall never go back—never"—and the car wheels clicked another syllable, "never, never."

Her tense excitement quieted itself, little by little, and her body relaxed into greater comfort. Her fingers released their close grip of each other, and she allowed her mind to wander backward over the preceding days, recalling scenes and conversations, which as they came to her, seemed to have concerned some person entirely distinct from herself. She remembered the letter that had been the blessed means of accomplishing this wonderful thing which was happening to her. It had looked on the outside like any ordinary letter, and she had turned it over and over, wondering at the strange vertical handwriting. She had pondered over the postmark, unable to think who in the world could be writing to her from New York. Then she had taken it to her room, and shut the door before opening it. It had been hard at first to decipher the unaccustomed hand, and when she had finally made out the meaning, it had seemed as though a mistake must have been made, it must have been intended for another. But no, her name was certainly on the envelope, and the "Dear Aunt Adele" must be herself. That name had given her a pang. How long since she had been called by it; how many weary years had she answered to the name she loathed, because, forsooth Henry thought Adeline so much more seemly for a married woman.

She had read and studied the friendly message until she had known it by heart and had finally picked up for examination the slip of paper which had

fallen to the floor when the envelope was cut open. She had sat then, as she sat now, wrapped in deepest thought and had then gone slowly downstairs to the sitting-room where Henry Miller sat reading his paper. He had glanced up, as she entered, and realizing something unusual in her manner, had laid down his paper and risen to his feet as she had faced him and said, a little breathlessly: "I have received a letter from Cousin Emily's daughter Adele. Emily has been called to Europe at a moment's notice, to join her husband—something about his family property in England—the child doesn't really know what, and they want me to come to New York to stay with Adele while her mother is gone. 'Chaperon' her—whatever that may mean—and—" She caught her breath now, as she remembered the intense effort which had kept her voice quite calm—"I am going." Not in all her married life had she made so positive a statement, and her tone had implied "if I die for it."

She had hurried on: "I can get Nora Maynard to come here to keep house for you, and you can

firm, tight line of her lips as she sped to and fro about the house, hurriedly and silently making her simple preparations.

She had paid for her own ticket, and engaged her chair—it seemed an extravagance to her—but such had been Adele's explicit instructions.

Henry had driven her to the station and had started to help her from the wagon, but she had forestalled him, by clambering out the other side. She had said to him, in a cold, hard voice which was scarcely recognizable, "Well, good-bye, Henry, I hope Nora Maynard will do well by you," returning no answer to his question, "when you comin' back, Adeline?"

"Never—never—never!" clicked the car wheels, and they sang peace to her soul.

The short afternoon drew on to its close. The porter lighted the lamps, and the twilight stretched a curtain over the fading glories of the Autumn landscape.

A languor stole over her troubled spirit, and she suddenly felt that she was too tired to think any more. She had fought for freedom, in one desperate struggle with her own inertia, and the effort was having now its exhausting effect. Just to sit and rest seemed to satisfy her every desire.

"Brush y'u off, lady?" the obsequious porter, paused before her, with uplifted brush, and she imitated the persons whom she had watched, submitting to his ministrations. As he whisked and turned and twisted, she recalled what she had read about "tips," and fumbled in her purse for the coin, which rekindled his smile and deepened his bow as he caught up her bag and carried it to the platform of the car. She had obeyed Adele's instructions to telegraph the time of her arrival, but she felt very small, and altogether forlorn and alone, as she stepped upon the platform and received her bag from the now attentive porter.

As she mingled with the throng surging through the narrow passageway, nervously alert for some sign from Adele, she was accosted by a good-looking young man, clad in a long, light brown coat, and a cap with a pair of huge goggles pushed up over the visor. He touched his cap as he said, "Beg pardon, but is this Mrs. Miller?"

Receiving her affirmative reply, he took her bag, and asked for the checks for her luggage, saying that Miss Marchmont had sent him with the machine, and would she come this way please. She remembered all the dreadful things she had heard about strange men accosting respectable women, in the great wicked city, but tightened her lips and held up her head as she followed him through the crowd, thinking, "I guess I can take care of myself. But what on earth is a machine?" Sewing machines, she knew, and mowing machines and various contrivances of that kind, but why Adele should have sent any such thing to meet her, was beyond her comprehension.

Her conductor led her through the concourse, and paused by the side of a huge, scarlet bulk, which was making a queer, purring sound, and trembling a bit as though it hated standing still.

"Gracious!" thought Adeline Miller, "It is an automobile, and I have got to ride in it!" But she came of martyr stock, and when her respectful guide opened the door, and stood aside for her to enter, she stepped into the tonneau, in the same courageous spirit with which she would have entered a den of lions, had her faith required it. She wouldn't have anybody think she was afraid.

They started with a gentle bound and moved smoothly and swiftly over silent pavements; while



"When you comin' back, Adeline?"

pay her just what you give me for my allowance, so it won't cost you any more than it does now. She is a real good cook and a neat housekeeper, and will do for you as well as I can."

Henry had looked almost dazed as he noted the unusual color in her cheeks, and the strange excitement in her manner, but had offered no comment beyond "If I pay her your allowance what you goin' to do for money?"

She had answered "Adele says I am not to think anything about clothes or money, but come at once, and she sent this for my expenses."

Her fingers had trembled as she handed the check to Henry, and he had gazed at the three figures with round eyes.

She had obeyed the summons, only three days had been spent in her hurried preparations, and Nora Maynard was installed as housekeeper in the place which had been her prison all those weary years. Henry had seemed almost afraid of her, and had watched her with curious eyes, moving swiftly and silently about the rooms, packing her few sombre garments into the old-fashioned trunk, and giving directions to Nora Maynard about household matters.

He had acquiesced in her determination, but eyed her as though she were a stranger, wondering at the



she sat, clutching the sides of the seat, and keeping her eyes tightly closed, so as not to know if they killed anybody. In an incredibly short time, she felt the sting of the breeze on her cheek subside, and cautiously opening an eyelid saw that they were drawing up before a tall, brown house, and that a young man, in most extraordinary raiment (it seemed covered with buttons), was running down the steps to open the door.

"Miss Marchmont left word you were to come for her at half after eleven, Richards," said he, as Adeline descended past his respectfully raised forefinger and moved up the steps. She was met by a smiling maid, in trim black gown and dainty cap and apron, who took her bag from the footman, and said, "Will you please to come right up to your sitting-room, Madame?" Miss Adele had to go out to dinner, and she said I was to make you comfortable, Madame, and tell you she was very sorry it happened."

Adeline Miller passed, as in a dream, through the hall, across a gorgeous rug and up the staircase, into the most beautiful room she had ever seen. The maid drew a chair before the cheery, crackling blaze of the fireplace, and she allowed herself to be seated, her wraps taken from her, as though she had been accustomed to such ministrations every day of her life. Nothing should cause her to show surprise at such attentions. The soft-footed maid returned from bestowing her modest wardrobe in the adjoining dressing room to ask "Would you have dinner here, Madame, or in the dining-room?"

"Here, if you please—"

"Marie, please Madame. I'll tell Jenkins."

The opening door, following a low knock, interrupted the thought half formed, and Jenkins and the boy with the buttons, entered. They bore huge trays, laden with covered and uncovered dishes, emitting the most delicious odors which suddenly made her realize that the hasty bite which she had forced herself to eat in East Chester had been but meagre and a long time ago. Marie sent the two men away and brought her to a full sense of the importance of the occasion, by a curtsy and soft "dinner is served."

Adeline Miller ate and drank mechanically, and made a hearty meal, almost without knowing it. Marie rang for the table to be removed, and then said, "Madame seems so tired, Miss Adele said you should be comfortable, but she would love to see you when she comes home. Will you let me put you into this little house gown?" She left it out, thinking your trunk might not come to-night." Adeline was quite content to be patted and smoothed, taken out of one gown and put into another, and when Marie had finished, and left her, Henry Miller would never have known his wife.

## CHAPTER II.

Henry Miller sat in the front seat of his wagon, by the side of the East Chester station, watching the train, as it disappeared from sight, around the curve. He sat there until the last puff of black smoke vanished into thin air, and the loungers, who had collected on the platform to see the New York Express go by, had shambled over to the corner by the post office, to wait for the distribution of the mail. He sat until the station-master peered curiously from the window, when, rousing himself with a start, he told Dick to "git ap," and jogged on toward home. He omitted calling for his paper, and Dick took his own gait, even stopping, unrebuked, to snatch at a bunch of oats, which having fallen from a passing load, had caught on a bush by the roadside.

He unharnessed old Dick, gave him a pail of water and then went into the house to change his clothes. As he moved about his room, he could hear Nora Maynard singing, "Come ye disconsolate," keeping time with vigorous strokes of her brush, as she polished the kitchen stove. He put on his garden clothes, and taking a spade from the back shed, went out to dig some of the potatoes which were all ready to be housed for the winter. He did everything with a methodical movement that accomplished twice the amount of an aimless effort, but as his muscles did their work involuntarily, his mind traveled back and forth along an unaccustomed line, and repeated to his bewildered sense, "She seemed glad to go. I wonder why." In all the twenty-five years of their married life, never had she seemed so strange and unaccountable as during the last few days. What had come over her all of a sudden? She had always seemed content, and there wasn't a better housekeeper in East Chester. Things went as by clockwork in their house. She was as methodical indoors as he, in his domain, and he had never had occasion to complain of food or lodging. He gave her plenty of money with which to provide and made no objection to the necessary replenishment of household furnishings. She was as capable in church work as at home, and he remembered with a glow of pride the remark those women had tossed him as they passed—that "they didn't know how they'd get along without Adeline Miller to run things for 'em."

It grew too dark to dig any more potatoes, and Nora Maynard came to the back door, calling that "supper would be ready in three shakes of a lamb's tail, and he'd better come on into the house."

Supper was on the table when Henry came downstairs from washing his hands, and Nora Maynard came in from the kitchen, turning down the cuffs of her black-and-white print dress. She took her place behind the teapot, bowing her head while Henry asked the blessing. Adeline had been quite right, Nora Maynard was a good cook. The biscuits were marvels of puffiness, the fried chicken done to a turn, and the custard pie a miracle of flaky crust and softly trembling deliciousness. "I thought I'd give you a pretty substantial tea to-night, Henry," said she as she handed him his cup. "I noticed you didn't eat much, this noon."

"You are very good, but my appetite don't seem quite so good as common. I guess I need a tonic. I'll take a mite of those dandelion bitters Adeline made last Spring."

She talked to him about the weather and the gathered crops, the awful need of rain and the price of beef. She exhausted the friendly gossip of the town, but all to no purpose. He sat with vacant eyes and wandering attention, rousing himself occasionally to say, "Oh, excuse me! Did you speak?" until discouraged, she abandoned all effort at entertainment, and devoted herself to full enjoyment of her culinary triumphs.

The meal progressed to completion in silence, and with every mouthful, Henry Miller grew more puzzled. "I wonder why—she seemed so glad to go?"

He went out to feed old Dick and make him comfortable for the night, while Nora Maynard washed the dishes, preparatory to going home. She had told Adeline she would not consent to remain at their house, "it might make talk," but would come over in plenty of time to get Henry's breakfast in the morning. She lighted the sitting-room lamp, before she left, and when Henry came in from the barn, the room was as cozy and homelike as an empty one can be.

"It's queer I forgot my paper," he mused, "never did such a thing before in my life." He crossed his legs and began puffing on his corn-cob pipe, leaning back in the chair Adeline had been recovering the morning she got that letter. She was just putting the last tacks into the gimp on the seat, when he had brought it to her, and she had sat still on the floor ever so long, looking at it, before she got up and went upstairs. After a long time, she had come down with the letter in her hand and a red spot on her cheeks, to tell him she was going away, and had showed him a check for a hundred and fifty dollars. How strangely she had acted, those three days, and how queer it was she wouldn't let him pay for one single thing.

She had fairly jumped out of the wagon and onto the train, making no answer to his question as to her return. Twenty-five years they had been married, and this was her first action which he could not explain. Adeline had always had a good home and nothing to worry about, but again came that thought, "She seemed so glad to go."

Strange, he had never dreamed she wanted anything different from their everyday life. She might have gone to New York for a visit, any time if she had just said so. She could have had the money, he never begrudged her anything.

He roused himself with a start to find the coals fading into dreary ashes, his pipe quite cold, and the lamp giving one last expiring gasp. He blew it out, took a candle from the mantel, covered the ashes, locked the front door (Nora Maynard had taken the key to the back one) and stumbled up the stairs to his bedroom. He walked on tiptoe past the closed door of Adeline's room, until he suddenly remembered that there was no danger of disturbing her. She was not there, and as he blew out the candle he uttered aloud the question which had troubled his mind all day, "I wonder why—she seemed so glad to go?" Sleep came to him slowly, and his dreams were disturbed by that same insistent cry that brought with it no answer. He did not know.

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# Anne of Green Gables

## CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED

**T**HINGS went better than Marilla feared, however. Anne came home that evening in high spirits.

"I think I'm going to like school here," she announced. "I don't think much of the master, though. He's all the time curling his moustache and making eyes at Prissy Andrews. Prissy is grown-up, you know. She's sixteen and studying for the entrance examination into Queen's Academy at Charlottetown next year. Tillie Boulter says the master is dead gone on her. She's got a beautiful complexion and curly brown hair and she does it up so elegantly. She sits in the long seat at the back and he

sits there, too, most of the time—to explain her lessons, he says. But Ruby Gillis says she saw him writing something on her slate and when Prissy read it she blushed as red as a beet and giggled; and Ruby Gillis says she don't believe it had anything to do with the lesson."

"Anne Shirley, don't let me hear you talking about your teacher that way again," said Marilla sharply. "You don't go to school to criticise the master. I guess he can teach you something and it's your business to learn. And I want you to understand right off that you are not to come home telling tales about him. That is something I won't encourage. Were you a good girl?"

"Indeed I was," said Anne comfortably. "It wasn't so hard, either. I sit with Diana. Our seat is right by the window and we can look down to the Lake of Shining Waters. There are a lot of nice girls in school and we had scrumptious fun playing at dinner time. It's so nice to have a lot of girls to play with. But of course I like Diana best and always will. I adore Diana. I'm behind the others. They're all in the fifth book and I'm only in the fourth. I feel that it's kind of a disgrace. But there's not one of them has such an imagination as I have. We had reading and geography and Canadian History and dictation to-day. Mr. Phillips said my spelling was disgraceful and he held up my slate so that everybody could see it, all marked over. I felt so mortified, Marilla; he might have been politer to a stranger, I think. Ruby Gillis gave me an apple and Sophia Sloane lent me a lovely pink card with 'May I see you home?' on it. I'm to give it back to her to-morrow. And Tillie Boulter let me wear her bead ring all the afternoon. Can I have some of those pearl beads off the old pincushion in the garret to make myself a ring? And oh Marilla, Jane Andrews told me that Minnie MacPherson told her that she heard Prissy Andrews tell Sara Gillis that I had a very pretty nose. Marilla, that is the first compliment I have ever had in my life and you can't imagine what a strange feeling it gave me. Marilla, have I really a pretty nose? I know you'll tell me the truth."

"Your nose is well enough," said Marilla. She thought Anne's nose was a remarkably pretty one; but she had no intention of telling her so.

That was three weeks ago. And now, this crisp September morning, Anne and Diana were tripping down the Birch Path, two of the happiest little girls in Avonlea.

"I guess Gilbert Blythe will be in school to-day," said Diana. "He's been visiting his cousins over in New Brunswick all Summer and he only came home Saturday night. He's awfully handsome, Anne. And he teases the girls terrible. He torments our lives out."

"Gilbert Blythe?" said Anne. "Isn't it his name that's written upon the porch wall with Julia Bell's and a big 'Take Notice' over them?"

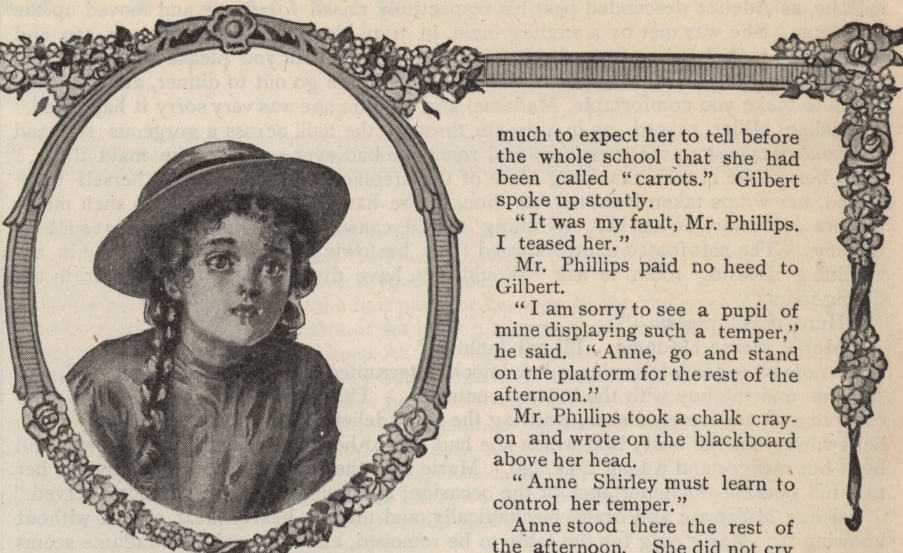
"Yes," said Diana, "but I'm sure he doesn't like Julia Bell so very much. I've heard him say he studied the multiplication table by her freckles."

"Oh, don't speak about freckles to me," implored Anne. "It isn't delicate when I've got so many. But I think that writing take-notices up on the wall is the silliest ever. I should just like to see anybody dare to write my name up with a boy's. Not, of course," she hastened to add, "that anybody would."

Anne sighed. She didn't want her name written up. But it was humiliating to know that there was no danger of it.

"Nonsense," said Diana, whose name figured on the porch walls in half a dozen take-notices. "It's only meant as a joke. And don't you be too sure your name won't ever be written up. Charlie Sloane is dead gone on you. He told his mother—his mother, mind you—that you were the smartest girl in school. That's better than being good-looking."

"No, it isn't," said Anne. "I'd rather be pretty than clever. And I hate Charlie Sloane. I can't bear a boy with goggle eyes. If any



By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Illustration by Mabel L. Humphrey  
Commenced in December Number

one wrote my name up with his I'd never get over it, Diana Barry. But it is nice to keep head of your class."

"You'll have Gilbert in your class after this," said Diana, "and he's used to being head, I can tell you. He's only in the fourth book although he's nearly fourteen. Four years ago his father was sick and had to go out to Alberta for his health and Gilbert went with him. They were there three years and Gil didn't go to school until they came back. You won't find it so easy to keep head after this, Anne."

"I'm glad," said Anne quickly. "I couldn't feel proud of keeping head of little boys and girls of nine or ten. I got up yesterday spelling 'ebullition.' Josie Pye was head and she peeped in her book. Mr. Phillips didn't see her—he was looking at Prissy Andrews—but I did. I just swept her a look of freezing scorn and she got as red as a beet and spelled it wrong."

"Those Pye girls are cheats all round," said Diana as they climbed the fence of the main road. "Gertie Pye put her milk bottle in my place in the brook yesterday. I don't speak to her now."

When Mr. Phillips was in the back of the room Diana whispered to Anne:

"That's Gilbert Blythe sitting across the aisle from you, Anne. Look at him and see if you don't think he's handsome."

Anne looked. She had a good chance, for Gilbert Blythe was absorbed in stealthily pinning the long yellow braid of Ruby Gillis, who sat in front of him, to the back of her seat. He was a tall boy, with curly brown hair, roguish hazel eyes and mouth twisted into a teasing smile. Presently Ruby started to take a sum to the master: she fell back into her seat with a little shriek, believing that her hair was pulled out by the roots. Everybody looked at her and Mr. Phillips glared so that Ruby began to cry. Gilbert whisked the pin out of sight and was studying his history; but when the commotion subsided he looked at Anne and winked.

"I think your Gilbert Blythe is handsome," confided Anne to Diana, "but I think he's very bold. It isn't good manners to wink at a strange girl."

But it was not until the afternoon that things began to happen.

Mr. Phillips was in the corner explaining a problem to Prissy Andrews and the rest of the scholars were doing much as they pleased, eating apples, whispering, drawing pictures on their slates. Gilbert Blythe was trying to make Anne Shirley look at him. With her chin propped on her hands and her eyes fixed on the blue of the Lake of Shining Waters that the window afforded, she was far away in dreamland, hearing and seeing nothing save her wonderful visions.

Gilbert Blythe wasn't used to putting himself out to make a girl look at him and meeting with failure. She should look at him, that red-haired Shirley girl with the little pointed chin and the big eyes.

Gilbert reached across the aisle, picked up the end of Anne's long red braid, held it out and said in a whisper:

"Carrots! Carrots!"

Then Anne looked at him with a vengeance! She did more. She sprang to her feet, her bright fancies fallen into ruin. She flashed one glance upon Gilbert from eyes whose sparkle was quenched in angry tears.

"You mean, hateful boy!" she exclaimed passionately. "How dare you!"

And then—Thwack! Anne had brought her slate down on Gilbert's head and cracked it—slate, not head—clear across.

Everybody said, "Oh," and Ruby Gillis began to cry.

Mr. Phillips stalked down the aisle and laid his hand on Anne's shoulder.

"Anne Shirley, what does this mean?" he said. Anne returned no answer. Her cheeks were red and her eyes blazing. It was asking too

much to expect her to tell before the whole school that she had been called "carrots." Gilbert spoke up stoutly.

"It was my fault, Mr. Phillips. I teased her."

Mr. Phillips paid no heed to Gilbert.

"I am sorry to see a pupil of mine displaying such a temper," he said. "Anne, go and stand on the platform for the rest of the afternoon."

Mr. Phillips took a chalk crayon and wrote on the blackboard above her head.

"Anne Shirley must learn to control her temper."

Anne stood there the rest of the afternoon. She did not cry or hang her head. As for Gilbert Blythe, she would not look at him. She would never speak to him again!

When school was dismissed Anne marched out with her red head held high. Gilbert Blythe tried to intercept her at the porch door.

"I'm awful sorry I made fun of your hair, Anne," he whispered. "Honest I am. Don't be mad for keeps, now."

Anne swept by without look or sign of hearing. "Oh, how could you, Anne?" breathed Diana half reproachfully, half admiringly.

"I shall never forgive Gilbert Blythe," said Anne firmly. "And Mr. Phillips spelled my name without an *z*, too."

"You musn't mind Gilbert making fun of your hair," she said soothingly. "He laughs at mine because it's so black. He's called me a crow a dozen times; and I never heard him apologize before, either."

"There's a great difference between being called a crow and being called carrots," said Anne with dignity. "Gilbert Blythe has hurt my feelings excruciatingly, Diana."

Avonlea scholars often spent noon hour picking gum in Mr. Bell's spruce grove; they could keep an eye on Eben Wright's house, where the master boarded. When they saw Mr. Phillips emerging they ran for the school-house; but the distance being about three times longer than Mr. Wright's lane they were apt to arrive breathless and gasping, some three minutes late.

Mr. Phillips was seized with one of his spasmodic fits of reform, and announced that he should expect to find all the scholars in their seats on time. Anyone who came in late would be punished.

All the boys and some of the girls went to Mr. Bell's spruce grove as usual, intending to stay only long enough to "pick a chew." But spruce groves are seductive; they picked and loitered and strayed; and the first thing that recalled them to a sense of the flight of time was Jimmy Glover shouting, "Master's coming."

The girls, who were on the ground, started first and managed to reach the school-house in time, but without a second to spare. The boys, who had to wriggle down from the trees, were later; and Anne, who was wandering happily in the far end of the grove, singing softly to herself, with a wreath of rice lilies on her hair, was latest of all. Anne could run like a deer, however; and overtook the boys at the door and was swept into the school-house among them just as Mr. Phillips was hanging up his hat.

Mr. Phillips didn't want the bother of punishing a dozen pupils; but it was necessary to do something to save his word, so he looked about for a scapegoat and found it in Anne, who had dropped into her seat, with her lily wreath hanging over one ear and giving her a particularly dishevelled appearance.

"Anne Shirley, since you seem to be so fond of the boys' company," he said sarcastically, "Take those flowers out of your hair and sit with Gilbert Blythe."

The boys snickered. Diana plucked the wreath from Anne's hair and squeezed her hand. Anne stared at the master as if turned to stone.

"Did you hear what I said, Anne?" queried Mr. Phillips.

"Yes, sir," said Anne slowly, "but I didn't suppose you really meant it."

"I assure you I did. Obey me at once."

Anne realizing that there was no help for it, rose haughtily, stepped across the aisle, sat down beside Gilbert Blythe, and buried her face in her arms on the desk. Ruby Gillis told the others going home from school that she "actually never seen anything so white, with awful little red spots in it."

To Anne, this was the end of all things. At first the scholars looked and giggled and nudged. But Anne never lifted her head and Gilbert worked fractions as if his whole soul was absorbed in them. When Mr. Phillips called the history class Anne should have gone; but Mr. Phillips, who had been writing some verses "To Priscilla" before he called the class, was thinking about an obstinate rhyme and



never missed her. Gilbert took a pink candy heart with a gold motto on it, "You are sweet," and slipped it under the curve of Anne's arm. Whereupon Anne arose, dropped it on the floor, ground it to powder and resumed her position without a glance at Gilbert.

When school was out Anne marched to her desk, took out everything, books, writing tablet, pen and ink, testament and arithmetic, and piled them on her cracked slate.

"What are you taking all those things home for, Anne?" Diana asked.

"I am not coming back to school any more."

"Will Marilla let you stay home?" she asked.

"Oh, Anne! I do think you're mean. Mr. Phillips will make me sit with that horrid Gertie Pye. Do come back, Anne. Just think of all the fun you will miss. We are going to build the loveliest new house down by the brook; and we'll be playing ball next week, Anne. And we're going to learn a new song, and Alice Andrews is going to bring a new Pansy book and we're all going to read it out loud, chapter about, down by the brook."

Nothing moved Anne in the least. She would not go to school to Mr. Phillips again; she told Marilla so when she got home.

"Nonsense," said Marilla.

"It isn't nonsense at all," said Anne. "Don't you understand, Marilla? I've been insulted."

"Insulted fiddlesticks! You'll go to school to-morrow as usual."

"Oh, no," Anne shook her head gently.

"I'm not going back, Marilla. I'll learn my lessons at home and I'll be as good as I can be, but I will not go back to school I assure you."

Marilla saw unyielding stubbornness looking out of Anne's small face, and resolved wisely to say nothing more just then.

"I'll run down and see Rachel this evening," she thought. "There's no use reasoning with Anne now. Mr. Phillips has been carrying matters with a high hand. But it would never do to say so to her."

Marilla found Mrs. Lynde knitting quilts as industriously as usual.

"I suppose you know what I've come about," she said, a little shamefacedly.

"About Anne's fuss in school, I reckon. Tillie Boulter on her way home from school told me about it."

"I don't know what to do with her," said Marilla. "She declares she won't go back to school. I've been expecting trouble ever since she started. I knew things were going too smooth to last. She's so highstrung. What would you advise, Rachel?"

"Well, since you've asked my advice," said Mrs. Lynde amiably, "I'd just humor her a little. It's my belief that Mr. Phillips was in the wrong. Of course, it doesn't do to say so to the children. And he did right to punish her yesterday for giving way to temper. But to-day was different. The others who were late should have been punished as well as Anne. And I don't believe in making girls sit with boys for punishment. It isn't modest. Tillie Boulter was real indignant. She took Anne's part and said all the scholars did, too."

"Then you think I'd better let her stay home," said Marilla in amazement.

"Yes. That is, I wouldn't say school until she said it herself. Depend upon it, Marilla, she'll cool off in a week or so and be ready enough to go back, that's what, while, if you were to make her go, dear knows what freak she'd take next and make more trouble than ever. She won't miss much by not going to school. Mr. Phillips isn't any good at all as a teacher. He neglects the young fry and puts all his time on those he's getting ready for Queens. He'd never have got the school for another year if his uncle hadn't been a trustee."

Marilla took Mrs. Rachel's advice and not another word was said to Anne about going back to school. She learned her lessons at home, did her chores, and played with Diana in the chilly purple Autumn twilights; but when she met Gilbert Blythe on the road or encountered him in Sunday-school she passed him with icy contempt.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### DIANA IS INVITED TO TEA WITH TRAGIC RESULTS

OCTOBER was a beautiful month at Green Gables, when the birches turned as golden as sunshine and the maples were royal crimson and the wild cherry-trees along the lane put on the loveliest shades of red and green. Anne revelled in the world of color.

"Oh, Marilla," she exclaimed one Saturday morning, dancing in with her arms full of gorgeous boughs, "I'm so glad I live in a world where there are Octobers. It would be terrible if we just skipped from September to November, wouldn't it? Look at these maple branches. Don't they give you a thrill—several thrills? I'm going to decorate my room with them."

"Mind you don't drop leaves all over the stairs then. I'm going to a meeting of the Aid Society this afternoon, Anne, and won't be home before dark. You'll have to get Matthew and Jerry their supper, so don't forget to put the tea to draw as you did last time."

"It was dreadful of me to forget," said Anne "but that was the afternoon I was trying to think of a name for Violet Vale. Matthew was so good. He never scolded a bit. He put the tea down himself and said we could wait awhile as well as not."

"Matthew would think it all right if you took a notion to get up and have dinner in the middle of the night. But you keep your wits about you this time. And—I don't know if I'm doing right, but you can ask Diana to

come over and spend the afternoon with you and have tea here."

"Oh, Marilla!" Anne clasped her hands. "How perfectly lovely! You are able to imagine things or else you'd never have understood how I've longed for that very thing. No fear of my forgetting to put the tea to draw when I have company. Oh, Marilla, can I use the rosebud spray tea-set?"

"No, indeed! Well, what next? You'll put down the old brown tea-set. But you can open the little yellow crock of cherry preserves. It's time it was being used. And you can cut some fruit-cake and have some of the cookies."

"I can imagine myself sitting down at the head of the table and pouring out the tea," said Anne, ecstatically. "And asking Diana if she takes sugar! I know she doesn't. I'll ask her just as if I didn't know. And pressing her to take another piece of fruit-cake and another helping of preserves. Oh, Marilla, it's a wonderful sensation. Can I take her into the spare room to lay off her hat when she comes? And then into the parlor to sit?"

"No, the sitting-room will do for you and your company. But there's a bottle half full of raspberry cordial that was left over from the church social the other night. It's on the second shelf of the sitting-room closet and you and Diana can have it and a cookie to eat with it in the afternoon."

Anne flew down the hollow, past the Dryad's Bubble and up the spruce path to Orchard Slope, to ask Diana to tea. Diana came over, dressed in her second best dress and looking exactly as it is proper to look when asked out to tea. At other times she was wont to run into the kitchen without knocking; but now she knocked primly at the front door. And when Anne, dressed in her second best, as primly opened it, both little girls shook hands gravely. This unnatural solemnity lasted until after Diana had been taken to the east gable to lay off her hat and sat for ten minutes in the sitting-room, toes in position.

"How is your mother?" inquired Anne politely, just as if she had not seen Mrs. Barry picking apples that morning.

"She is very well, thank you. I suppose Mr. Cuthbert is hauling potatoes to the Lily Sands this afternoon, is he?" said Diana.

"Yes. Our potato crop is very good this year. I hope your father's potato crop is good."

"It is fairly good, thank you. Have you picked many of your apples yet?"

"Oh, ever so many," said Anne, forgetting to be dignified and jumping up quickly. "Let's go out to the orchard and get some of the Red Sweetings, Diana. Marilla says we can have all that are left on the tree. Marilla is a very generous woman. She said we could have fruit-cake and cherry preserves for tea. But it isn't good manners to tell your company what you are going to give them to eat, so I won't tell you what she said we could have to drink. Only it begins with an r and a c and it's a bright red. I love bright red drinks, don't you? They taste twice as good as any other color."

Diana had much to tell Anne of what went on in school. She had to sit with Gertie Pye and she hated it; and it just made her—Diana's—blood run cold; Ruby Gillis had charmed all her warts away with a magic pebble that old Mary Joe from the Creek gave her. You had to rub the warts with the pebble and then throw it away over your left shoulder at the time of the new moon and the warts would all go. Charlie Sloane's name was written up with Em White's on the porch wall and Em White was awful mad about it; and Mattie Andrews had a new red hood with tassels on it and the airs she put on were perfectly sickening; and Lizzie Wright didn't speak to Mamie Wilson because Mamie Wilson's grown-up sister had cut out Lizzie Wright's grown-up sister with her bean; and everybody missed Anne and wished she'd come to school again; and Gilbert Blythe—

But Anne did not want to hear about Gilbert Blythe. She jumped up and said suppose they go in and have some raspberry cordial. Anne looked on the second shelf of the pantry but there was no raspberry cordial there. Search revealed it away back on the top shelf. Anne put it on a tray.

"Now, please help yourself, Diana," she said politely. "I don't believe I'll have any just now after all those apples."

Diana poured herself a tumblerful, looked at its bright red hue admiringly, and then sipped it daintily. "That's awfully nice raspberry cordial, Anne," she said.

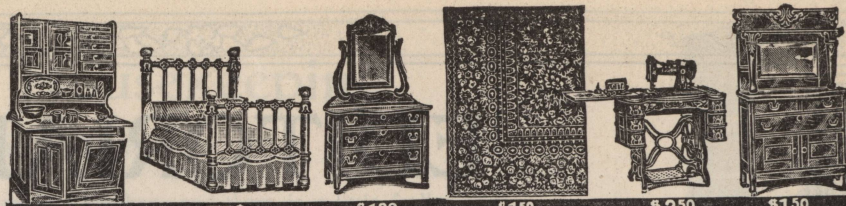
"I'm glad you like it. Take as much as you want. I'm going to run out and stir the fire up."

When Anne came back Diana was drinking her second glassful of cordial; and, being entreated thereto by Anne, she offered no particular objection to the drinking of a third. The tumblerfuls were generous ones and the raspberry cordial was very nice.

"The nicest I ever drank," said Diana. "It's ever so much nicer than Mrs. Lynde's although she brags of hers so much. It doesn't taste a bit like hers."

"I should think Marilla's raspberry cordial would be nicer than Mrs. Lynde's," said Anne loyally. "Marilla is a famous cook. She is trying to teach me to cook, but I assure you, Diana, it is uphill work. There's so little scope for imagination in cookery. The last time I made a cake I forgot to put the flour in. I was thinking the loveliest story about you and me, Diana. You were desperately ill with smallpox and everybody deserted you, but I nursed you back to life; and then I took the smallpox and died and I was buried under those poplar trees

Continued on page 17



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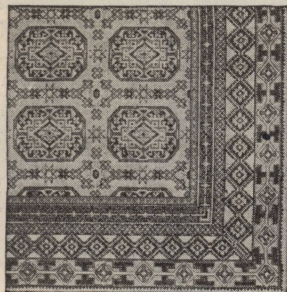
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# Anne of Green Gables

## CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED

**T**HINGS went better than Marilla feared, however. Anne came home that evening in high spirits.

"I think I'm going to like school here," she announced. "I don't think much of the master, though. He's all the time curling his moustache and making eyes at Prissy Andrews. Prissy is grown-up, you know. She's sixteen and studying for the entrance examination into Queen's Academy at Charlottetown next year. Tillie Boulter says the master is dead gone on her. She's got a beautiful complexion and curly brown hair and she does it up so elegantly. She sits in the long seat at the back and he

sits there, too, most of the time—to explain her lessons, he says. But Ruby Gillis says she saw him writing something on her slate and when Prissy read it she blushed as red as a beet and giggled; and Ruby Gillis says she don't believe it had anything to do with the lesson."

"Anne Shirley, don't let me hear you talking about your teacher that way again," said Marilla sharply. "You don't go to school to criticise the master. I guess he can teach you something and it's your business to learn. And I want you to understand right off that you are not to come home telling tales about him. That is something I won't encourage. Were you a good girl?"

"Indeed I was," said Anne comfortably. "It wasn't so hard, either. I sit with Diana. Our seat is right by the window and we can look down to the Lake of Shining Waters. There are a lot of nice girls in school and we had scrumptious fun playing at dinner time. It's so nice to have a lot of girls to play with. But of course I like Diana best and always will. I adore Diana. I'm behind the others. They're all in the fifth book and I'm only in the fourth. I feel that it's kind of a disgrace. But there's not one of them has such an imagination as I have. We had reading and geography and Canadian History and dictation to-day. Mr. Phillips said my spelling was disgraceful and he held up my slate so that everybody could see it, all marked over. I felt so mortified, Marilla; he might have been politer to a stranger, I think. Ruby Gillis gave me an apple and Sophia Sloane lent me a lovely pink card with 'May I see you home?' on it. I'm to give it back to her to-morrow. And Tillie Boulter let me wear her bead ring all the afternoon. Can I have some of those pearl beads off the old pincushion in the garret to make myself a ring? And oh Marilla, Jane Andrews told me that Minnie MacPherson told her that she heard Prissy Andrews tell Sara Gillis that I had a very pretty nose. Marilla, that is the first compliment I have ever had in my life and you can't imagine what a strange feeling it gave me. Marilla, have I really a pretty nose? I know you'll tell me the truth."

"Your nose is well enough," said Marilla. She thought Anne's nose was a remarkably pretty one; but she had no intention of telling her so.

That was three weeks ago. And now, this crisp September morning, Anne and Diana were tripping down the Birch Path, two of the happiest little girls in Avonlea.

"I guess Gilbert Blythe will be in school to-day," said Diana. "He's been visiting his cousins over in New Brunswick all Summer and he only came home Saturday night. He's awfully handsome, Anne. And he teases the girls terrible. He torments our lives out."

"Gilbert Blythe?" said Anne. "Isn't it his name that's written upon the porch wall with Julia Bell's and a big 'Take Notice' over them?"

"Yes," said Diana, "but I'm sure he doesn't like Julia Bell so very much. I've heard him say he studied the multiplication table by her freckles."

"Oh, don't speak about freckles to me," implored Anne. "It isn't delicate when I've got so many. But I think that writing take-notices up on the wall is the silliest ever. I should just like to see anybody dare to write my name up with a boy's. Not, of course," she hastened to add, "that anybody would."

Anne sighed. She didn't want her name written up. But it was humiliating to know that there was no danger of it.

"Nonsense," said Diana, whose name figured on the porch walls in half a dozen take-notices. "It's only meant as a joke. And don't you be too sure your name won't ever be written up. Charlie Sloane is dead gone on you. He told his mother—his mother, mind you—that you were the smartest girl in school. That's better than being good-looking."

"No, it isn't," said Anne. "I'd rather be pretty than clever. And I hate Charlie Sloane. I can't bear a boy with goggle eyes. If any



By L. M. MONTGOMERY

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Commenced in December Number

one wrote my name up with his I'd never get over it, Diana Barry. But it is nice to keep head of your class."

"You'll have Gilbert in your class after this," said Diana, "and he's used to being head, I can tell you. He's only in the fourth book although he's nearly fourteen. Four years ago his father was sick and had to go out to Alberta for his health and Gilbert went with him. They were there three years and Gil didn't go to school until they came back. You won't find it so easy to keep head after this, Anne."

"I'm glad," said Anne quickly. "I couldn't feel proud of keeping head of little boys and girls of nine or ten. I got up yesterday spelling 'ebullition.' Josie Pye was head and she peeped in her book. Mr. Phillips didn't see her—he was looking at Prissy Andrews—but I did. I just swept her a look of freezing scorn and she got as red as a beet and spelled it wrong."

"Those Pye girls are cheats all round," said Diana as they climbed the fence of the main road. "Gertie Pye put her milk bottle in my place in the brook yesterday. I don't speak to her now."

When Mr. Phillips was in the back of the room Diana whispered to Anne:

"That's Gilbert Blythe sitting across the aisle from you, Anne. Look at him and see if you don't think he's handsome."

Anne looked. She had a good chance, for Gilbert Blythe was absorbed in stealthily pinning the long yellow braid of Ruby Gillis, who sat in front of him, to the back of her seat. He was a tall boy, with curly brown hair, roguish hazel eyes and mouth twisted into a teasing smile. Presently Ruby started to take a sum to the master: she fell back into her seat with a little shriek, believing that her hair was pulled out by the roots. Everybody looked at her and Mr. Phillips glared so that Ruby began to cry. Gilbert whisked the pin out of sight and was studying his history; but when the commotion subsided he looked at Anne and winked.

"I think your Gilbert Blythe is handsome," confided Anne to Diana, "but I think he's very bold. It isn't good manners to wink at a strange girl."

But it was not until the afternoon that things began to happen.

Mr. Phillips was in the corner explaining a problem to Prissy Andrews and the rest of the scholars were doing much as they pleased, eating apples, whispering, drawing pictures on their slates. Gilbert Blythe was trying to make Anne Shirley look at him. With her chin propped on her hands and her eyes fixed on the blue of the Lake of Shining Waters that the window afforded, she was far away in dreamland, hearing and seeing nothing save her wonderful visions.

Gilbert Blythe wasn't used to putting himself out to make a girl look at him and meeting with failure. She should look at him, that red-haired Shirley girl with the little pointed chin and the big eyes.

Gilbert reached across the aisle, picked up the end of Anne's long red braid, held it out and said in a whisper:

"Carrots! Carrots!"

Then Anne looked at him with a vengeance! She did more. She sprang to her feet, her bright fancies fallen into ruin. She flashed one glance upon Gilbert from eyes whose sparkle was quenched in angry tears.

"You mean, hateful boy!" she exclaimed passionately. "How dare you!"

And then—Thwack! Anne had brought her slate down on Gilbert's head and cracked it—slate, not head—clear across.

Everybody said, "Oh," and Ruby Gillis began to cry.

Mr. Phillips stalked down the aisle and laid his hand on Anne's shoulder.

"Anne Shirley, what does this mean?" he said. Anne returned no answer. Her cheeks were red and her eyes blazing. It was asking too

much to expect her to tell before the whole school that she had been called "carrots." Gilbert spoke up stoutly.

"It was my fault, Mr. Phillips. I teased her."

Mr. Phillips paid no heed to Gilbert.

"I am sorry to see a pupil of mine displaying such a temper," he said. "Anne, go and stand on the platform for the rest of the afternoon."

Mr. Phillips took a chalk crayon and wrote on the blackboard above her head.

"Anne Shirley must learn to control her temper."

Anne stood there the rest of the afternoon. She did not cry or hang her head. As for Gilbert Blythe, she would not look at him. She would never speak to him again!

When school was dismissed Anne marched out with her red head held high. Gilbert Blythe tried to intercept her at the porch door.

"I'm awful sorry I made fun of your hair, Anne," he whispered. "Honest I am. Don't be mad for keeps, now."

Anne swept by without look or sign of hearing. "Oh, how could you, Anne?" breathed Diana half reproachfully, half admiringly.

"I shall never forgive Gilbert Blythe," said Anne firmly. "And Mr. Phillips spelled my name without an e, too."

"You mustn't mind Gilbert making fun of your hair," she said soothingly. "He laughs at mine because it's so black. He's called me a crow a dozen times; and I never heard him apologize before, either."

"There's a great difference between being called a crow and being called carrots," said Anne with dignity. "Gilbert Blythe has hurt my feelings excruciatingly, Diana."

Avonlea scholars often spent noon hour picking gum in Mr. Bell's spruce grove; they could keep an eye on Eben Wright's house, where the master boarded. When they saw Mr. Phillips emerging they ran for the school-house; but the distance being about three times longer than Mr. Wright's lane they were apt to arrive breathless and gasping, some three minutes late.

Mr. Phillips was seized with one of his spasmodic fits of reform, and announced that he should expect to find all the scholars in their seats on time. Anyone who came in late would be punished.

All the boys and some of the girls went to Mr. Bell's spruce grove as usual, intending to stay only long enough to "pick a chew." But spruce groves are seductive; they picked and loitered and strayed; and the first thing that recalled them to a sense of the flight of time was Jimmy Glover shouting, "Master's coming."

The girls, who were on the ground, started first and managed to reach the school-house in time, but without a second to spare. The boys, who had to wriggle down from the trees, were later; and Anne, who was wandering happily in the far end of the grove, singing softly to herself, with a wreath of rice lilies on her hair, was latest of all. Anne could run like a deer, however; and overtook the boys at the door and was swept into the school-house among them just as Mr. Phillips was hanging up his hat.

Mr. Phillips didn't want the bother of punishing a dozen pupils; but it was necessary to do something to save his word, so he looked about for a scapegoat and found it in Anne, who had dropped into her seat, with her lily wreath hanging over one ear and giving her a particularly dishevelled appearance.

"Anne Shirley, since you seem to be so fond of the boys' company," he said sarcastically, "Take those flowers out of your hair and sit with Gilbert Blythe."

The boys snickered. Diana plucked the wreath from Anne's hair and squeezed her head. Anne stared at the master as if turned to stone.

"Did you hear what I said, Anne?" queried Mr. Phillips.

"Yes, sir," said Anne slowly, "but I didn't suppose you really meant it."

"I assure you I did. Obey me at once."

Anne realizing that there was no help for it, rose haughtily, stepped across the aisle, sat down beside Gilbert Blythe, and buried her face in her arms on the desk. Ruby Gillis told the others going home from school that she "accidentally never seen anything so white, with awful little red spots in it."

To Anne, this was the end of all things.

At first the scholars looked and giggled and nudged. But Anne never lifted her head and Gilbert worked fractions as if his whole soul was absorbed in them. When Mr. Phillips called the history class Anne should have gone; but Mr. Phillips, who had been writing some verses "To Priscilla" before he called the class, was thinking about an obstinate rhyme and



never missed her. Gilbert took a pink candy heart with a gold motto on it, "You are sweet," and slipped it under the curve of Anne's arm. Whereupon Anne arose, dropped it on the floor, ground it to powder and resumed her position without a glance at Gilbert.

When school was out Anne marched to her desk, took out everything, books, writing tablet, pen and ink, testament and arithmetic, and piled them on her cracked slate.

"What are you taking all those things home for, Anne?" Diana asked.

"I am not coming back to school any more."

"Will Marilla let you stay home?" she asked.

"Oh, Anne! I do think you're mean. Mr. Phillips will make me sit with that horrid Gertie Pye. Do come back, Anne. Just think of all the fun you will miss. We are going to build the loveliest new house down by the brook; and we'll be playing ball next week, Anne. And we're going to learn a new song, and Alice Andrews is going to bring a new Pansy book and we're all going to read it out loud, chapter about, down by the brook."

Nothing moved Anne in the least. She would not go to school to Mr. Phillips again; she told Marilla so when she got home.

"Nonsense," said Marilla.

"It isn't nonsense at all," said Anne. "Don't you understand, Marilla? I've been insulted."

"Insulted fiddlesticks! You'll go to school to-morrow as usual."

"Oh, no," Anne shook her head gently. "I'm not going back, Marilla. I'll learn my lessons at home and I'll be as good as I can be, but I will not go back to school I assure you."

Marilla saw unyielding stubbornness looking out of Anne's small face, and resolved wisely to say nothing more just then.

"I'll run down and see Rachel this evening," she thought. "There's no use reasoning with Anne now. Mr. Phillips has been carrying matters with a high hand. But it would never do to say so to her."

Marilla found Mrs. Lynde knitting quilts as industriously as usual.

"I suppose you know what I've come about," she said, a little shamefacedly.

"About Anne's fuss in school, I reckon. Tillie Boulter on her way home from school told me about it."

"I don't know what to do with her," said Marilla. "She declares she won't go back to school. I've been expecting trouble ever since she started. I knew things were going too smooth to last. She's so highstrung. What would you advise, Rachel?"

"Well, since you've asked my advice," said Mrs. Lynde amiably, "I'd just humor her a little. It's my belief that Mr. Phillips was in the wrong. Of course, it doesn't do to say so to the children. And he did right to punish her yesterday for giving way to temper. But to-day was different. The others who were late should have been punished as well as Anne. And I don't believe in making girls sit with boys for punishment. It isn't modest. Tillie Boulter was real indignant. She took Anne's part and said all the scholars did, too."

"Then you think I'd better let her stay home," said Marilla in amazement.

"Yes. That is, I wouldn't say school until she said it herself. Depend upon it, Marilla, she'll cool off in a week or so and be ready enough to go back, that's what, while, if you were to make her go, dear knows what freak she'd take next and make more trouble than ever. She won't miss much by not going to school. Mr. Phillips isn't any good at all as a teacher. He neglects the young fry and puts all his time on those he's getting ready for Queens. He'd never have got the school for another year if his uncle hadn't been a trustee."

Marilla took Mrs. Rachel's advice and not another word was said to Anne about going back to school. She learned her lessons at home, did her chores, and played with Diana in the chilly purple Autumn twilights; but when she met Gilbert Blythe on the road or encountered him in Sunday-school she passed him with icy contempt.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### DIANA IS INVITED TO TEA WITH TRAGIC RESULTS

OCTOBER was a beautiful month at Green Gables, when the birches turned as golden as sunshine and the maples were royal crimson and the wild cherry-trees along the lane put on the loveliest shades of red and green. Anne revelled in the world of color.

"Oh, Marilla," she exclaimed one Saturday morning, dancing in with her arms full of gorgeous boughs, "I'm so glad I live in a world where there are Octobers. It would be terrible if we just skipped from September to November, wouldn't it? Look at these maple branches. Don't they give you a thrill—several thrills? I'm going to decorate my room with them."

"Mind you don't drop leaves all over the stairs then. I'm going to a meeting of the Aid Society this afternoon, Anne, and won't be home before dark. You'll have to get Matthew and Jerry their supper, so don't forget to put the tea to draw as you did last time."

"It was dreadful of me to forget," said Anne "but that was the afternoon I was trying to think of a name for Violet Vale. Matthew was so good. He never scolded a bit. He put the tea down himself and said we could wait awhile as well as not."

"Matthew would think it all right if you took a notion to get up and have dinner in the middle of the night. But you keep your wits about you this time. And—I don't know if I'm doing right, but you can ask Diana to

come over and spend the afternoon with you and have tea here."

"Oh, Marilla!" Anne clasped her hands. "How perfectly lovely! You are able to imagine things or else you'd never have understood how I've longed for that very thing. No fear of my forgetting to put the tea to draw when I have company. Oh, Marilla, can I use the rosebud spray tea-set?"

"No, indeed! Well, what next? You'll put down the old brown tea-set. But you can open the little yellow crock of cherry preserves. It's time it was being used. And you can cut some fruit-cake and have some of the cookies."

"I can imagine myself sitting down at the head of the table and pouring out the tea," said Anne, ecstatically. "And asking Diana if she takes sugar! I know she doesn't. I'll ask her just as if I didn't know. And pressing her to take another piece of fruit-cake and another helping of preserves. Oh, Marilla, it's a wonderful sensation. Can I take her into the spare room to lay off her hat when she comes? And then into the parlor to sit?"

"No, the sitting-room will do for you and your company. But there's a bottle half full of raspberry cordial that was left over from the church social the other night. It's on the second shelf of the sitting-room closet and you and Diana can have it and a cookie to eat with it in the afternoon."

Anne flew down the hollow, past the Dryad's Bubble and up the spruce path to Orchard Slope, to ask Diana to tea. Diana came over, dressed in her second best dress and looking exactly as it is proper to look when asked out to tea. At other times she was wont to run into the kitchen without knocking; but now she knocked primly at the front door. And when Anne, dressed in her second best, as primly opened it, both little girls shook hands gravely. This unnatural solemnity lasted until after Diana had been taken to the east gable to lay off her hat and sat for ten minutes in the sitting-room, toes in position.

"How is your mother?" inquired Anne politely, just as if she had not seen Mrs. Barry picking apples that morning.

"She is very well, thank you. I suppose Mr. Cuthbert is hauling potatoes to the Lily Sands this afternoon, is he?" said Diana.

"Yes. Our potato crop is very good this year. I hope your father's potato crop is good."

"It is fairly good, thank you. Have you picked many of your apples yet?"

"Oh, ever so many," said Anne, forgetting to be dignified and jumping up quickly. "Let's go out to the orchard and get some of the Red Sweetings, Diana. Marilla says we can have all that are left on the tree. Marilla is a very generous woman. She said we could have fruit-cake and cherry preserves for tea. But it isn't good manners to tell your company what you are going to give them to eat, so I won't tell you what she said we could have to drink. Only it begins with an *r* and a *c* and it's a bright red. I love bright red drinks, don't you? They taste twice as good as any other color."

Diana had much to tell Anne of what went on in school. She had to sit with Gertie Pye and she hated it; and it just made her—Diana's—blood run cold; Ruby Gillis had charmed all her warts away with a magic pebble that old Mary Joe from the Creek gave her. You had to rub the warts with the pebble and then throw it away over your left shoulder at the time of the new moon and the warts would all go. Charlie Sloane's name was written up with Em White's on the porch wall and Em White was awful mad about it; and Mattie Andrews had a new red hood with tassels on it and the airs she put on were perfectly sickening; and Lizzie Wright didn't speak to Mamie Wilson because Mamie Wilson's grown-up sister had cut out Lizzie Wright's grown-up sister with her beau; and everybody missed Anne and wished she'd come to school again; and Gilbert Blythe—

But Anne did not want to hear about Gilbert Blythe. She jumped up and said suppose they go in and have some raspberry cordial.

Anne looked on the second shelf of the pantry but there was no raspberry cordial there. Search revealed it away back on the top shelf. Anne put it on a tray.

"Now, please help yourself, Diana," she said politely. "I don't believe I'll have any just now after all those apples."

Diana poured herself a tumblerful, looked at its bright red hue admiringly, and then sipped it daintily. "That's awfully nice raspberry cordial, Anne," she said.

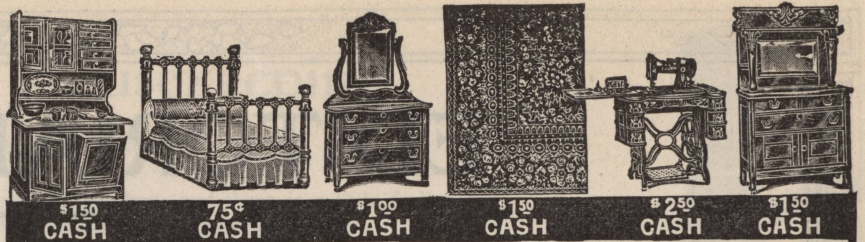
"I'm glad you like it. Take as much as you want. I'm going to run out and stir the fire up."

When Anne came back Diana was drinking her second glassful of cordial; and, being entertained thereto by Anne, she offered no particular objection to the drinking of a third. The tumblerfuls were generous ones and the raspberry cordial was very nice.

"The nicest I ever drank," said Diana. "It's ever so much nicer than Mrs. Lynde's although she brags of hers so much. It doesn't taste a bit like hers."

"I should think Marilla's raspberry cordial would be nicer than Mrs. Lynde's," said Anne loyally. "Marilla is a famous cook. She is trying to teach me to cook, but I assure you, Diana, it is uphill work. There's so little scope for imagination in cookery. The last time I made a cake I forgot to put the flour in. I was thinking the loveliest story about you and me, Diana. You were desperately ill with smallpox and everybody deserted you, but I nursed you back to life; and then I took the smallpox and died and I was buried under those poplar trees

Continued on page 17



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### Price \$8.50. Not Sold in Stores

Not \$100.00; not \$50.00; not even \$25.00—only \$8.50. Have a clean home, hours of leisure. Adopt the easy way—the modern way—the sanitary way—the scientific way. **All Hall! New Home Vacuum Cleaner, marvel of the 20th Century, champion of over-worked womanhood.**

Each machine tested before shipping—each guaranteed as represented or money back. The price insignificant—the benefits everlasting. Will last for years. Not sold in stores.

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# EDITORIAL OUTLOOK

## Independence for the Lone Woman

**H**OME surroundings are as necessary for many women's happiness as the atmosphere they breathe. They love their own belongings—their furniture, pictures, books and plants as if they were living creatures, and manage to impart to their dwellings an air of cosiness, individuality and livableness because every object therein has the appearance of being cared for with real affection. One involuntarily exclaims "How homelike!" when entering such places, even though the furnishings may be shabby and the space limited.

To a woman such as this, then, the thought of living as a subordinate in the household of another gives intense bitterness. Thus when the other members of her family die or marry or move to other cities or towns, it means a heart-breaking severing of everything that makes life dear to the lone elderly widow, mother, sister or whatever relationship she has borne to those who have left her. Having past the age of adaptability she cannot readily adjust herself to the habits and customs of others, and her own may be irritating and distasteful to them. She feels in the way and out of things, as if her shelter even though she pay her share was given under tolerance, yet if she wants to maintain her independence and declares her intention of living by herself she has held up to her the direful dangers which menace lone women, although very often the possible danger of the future holds far less terrors for her than her present actual discomfort.

The solution of this frequently occurring question which involves genuine heart breaks, is the establishing of a home, either for one's self or through the assistance of relatives and friends of an apartment or flat of two or three rooms, or a floor maybe, rented in a private house where independence, safety and comfort are assured, and where the inanimate objects which mean home and happiness can have an abiding place. Situated in this fashion the lone woman has most of the rights of a householder, yet few of the hardships, such as taking care of the sidewalk, tending the door, seeing that all things are secure at night—minor duties yet involving considerable labor. She is free to come and go, to entertain her friends, to be on equal footing with other housekeepers, and if she fall ill or otherwise need assistance she has it within easy reach. Above all and everything else she maintains her individuality as well as her home, and if she is sometimes lonely, that is much better than to be obliged to endure constant society which is not to her liking.

If a woman has her own income, even if it be a very small one, she can easily establish such a home, or lacking the funds herself it would be equally easy for those belonging to her to establish it for her, but the main thing is for all parties to understand that such arrangement would mean peace and therefore happiness for all concerned.

L. D. R.

## Woman's Power for Good or Evil

**S**CIENCE has become so advanced that it can measure the distance from our own planet to the farthest star visible to the eye of the telescope; it can accurately figure the length of time that it will take for a ray of light to travel from the sun to the earth; it can weigh the waters of the ocean; can harness Niagara, and can perform countless feats, each apparently more wonderful than the last, yet there is one force that has so far defied its wisdom, for the scientist has never lived who can measure the extent of Woman's power over Man.

In one of Heine's poems there is a description of Solomon sleeping in all his glory. He is Israel's and Judah's king; lord of the realm; yet, as he lies in his gorgeous bed, protected by thousands of flashing blades, his rest is troubled and he murmurs woefully in his sleep—because one woman loves him not. Like most of the pictures that Heine has painted in verse, the scene is enduringly true to life, for earthly power, the charm of wealth, and the glory of position are to-day often held as of secondary importance to a woman's whim.

There is nothing new in this fact. It is not an attribute of modern civilization that man should be willing to sacrifice all that is usually held dearest for the sake of a woman's smile. Read the pages of history and you will find that the ancients were quite as susceptible to the influence of feminine charms. Begin with the days of Helen and the siege of Troy, and follow the progress of the world down through the centuries to our own day—you will be astonished to discover how much the charms of women have had to do with the making of his-

tory. Astounding as the result of such a study may be, it presents a lesson that every woman should take to herself, for while it is true that every woman is not, and might not care to be, capable of inspiring a war, or overturning a dynasty, there are comparatively few women in this world who do not exercise a certain degree of influence over some one man. Whether this influence is a power for good or for evil, depends entirely upon the woman.

There probably was once a time when men got along without wives—in the modern acceptance of the term. There probably was once a time when the influence of the feminine creature played a small part in the lives of men, but those were the prehistoric days, when humanity was little better than so many animals. As soon as the home became established, men began to labor for the "folks at home," and, since that time, the most strenuous efforts that man has ever made have been for the sake of those who were dependent on him.

It may be foolish to try to tell about the wonderful things that women have accomplished in this world, but, while they have done some great things themselves, few of the achievements that they have accomplished personally can even remotely be compared to the deeds that they have inspired in the souls of men. It is only the workers themselves who could tell how much their efforts have been the direct result of their love for a woman. It is only the artist himself who could tell the nature of the power that has inspired his brush to so delicate a treatment of the canvas. It is only the poet himself who could tell us about the love that has made him sing so sweetly. It is only the inventor himself who could tell us whence came the ambition that has made him great among men.

It is the same story that is told in every walk of life. Love is an inspiration on the battle-field, just as it is in commerce, or in art. Great battles have been fought for love—both by armies and in the counting-room. In finance, as in art, it is love's smile that has inspired men to the accomplishment of wonders.

That there is another side to the question, cannot, of course, be denied, for while some men have been helped in their ascent to almost unconquerable heights by their love for a woman, others have descended to depths comparatively as deep. It is the woman who has made the difference, for it is within her power to make or mar, to lift up or to drag down. It is this that has been her mission ever since man first began to aspire to her good opinion, and the woman who does not strive to make the best possible use of the power that has been given her is sadly blind to her opportunities.

J. R. M.

## Shylock in Petticoats

**D**O YOU know the woman who makes her husband "toe the mark" in regard to social affairs? She is in every community—a veritable Shylock in petticoats—who must have her pound of flesh without mercy. Just how she manages to get so many pounds, outsiders must only guess, but certain it is she calmly demands her rights, and in many cases her rights are her husband's wrongs.

Now it is all right for a man to be polite and agreeable, but there are occasions when the average man enjoys having a little mercy shown him. If there are tiresome people who drop in unexpectedly to meals, and all families are thus tormented, the man of the house will beam with joy if his wife tactfully hastens his departure down town after dinner by inventing some excuse or demand upon his time. One of the happiest couples that ever lived was composed of a woman who spared her busy husband socially whenever she could, and the man in the combination delighted to show his appreciation by all sorts of gifts and little attentions.

Often it is a real trial for a tired man to have to endure small talk, and then escort half a dozen ladies home at the close of the evening. And there are times when unselfish women would rather stay at home than insist upon going out with a tired husband. Of course it is not fair for the husband to shirk every social duty on the plea of being tired, but the average man will cheerfully do his part if treated considerately. It is the cold, hard demand for the pound of flesh on every occasion that is all out of place. The woman who points with pride to the fact that she has her husband perfectly trained in regard to social duties, might be surprised to know what feeling her husband bears toward her in his inmost heart. Outwardly he may be all submission and obedience, but all the time he may be envying his fortunate neighbor whose wife allows him

to shirk a little occasionally in a social way, without making every lapse the occasion for a lecture on good manners, and who even aids him in his delinquencies. The husband of the perfect manager is seldom envied, and the followers of the crusty female Shylock should keep that in mind.

H. R.

## Avoid the Pace That Kills

**D**O YOU know why it is that we see so many women with strained, weary faces, hurrying breathlessly about their work, and yet accomplishing so little? It is not that there is really so much to be done or that there is imperative cause for haste, for many things that we do might just as well be left undone, and we have all the time there is to do the things that must be done each day of our lives.

It is simply our state of mind which taxes our nerves, and gives our faces that strained, unnatural look which we deplore, but do not know how to get rid of. The story of the proverbial worrier fits more than one of us if we would only admit it: "Here it is Sunday with dinner and supper to get, and church to go to twice; and to-morrow is Monday and a big washing must be done; and next day is Tuesday with all the ironing to do, and then Wednesday with the mending and baking, and Thursday with the cleaning, and Friday with the sweeping; and Saturday with putting the house to rights for Sunday again, and there's the whole week gone and nothing accomplished."

And that is just the trouble. We do our work fifty times over, forty-nine times in our mind and once with our hands. Or it may be that we do our work forty-nine times in our mind and then not at all with our hands, because we have used up all our time and our physical and mental power in worrying.

The woman who has the most demand upon her time and strength is the one who most needs to learn how to husband her forces, and let her muscles and her nerves go off duty when there is nothing special for them to do. She should learn that a chair is not simply a spot on which to perch between flights, but a place in which she may rest comfortably in moments of leisure. A bed is designed as a place of relaxation and sleep, and not a fractious machine which she must hold down with rigid body and concentrated muscular force through the long hours of the night. And she has time enough for thinking in her waking hours without robbing the hours which belong to sleep in harrassing thoughts of the past, present and future.

The secret of mental poise is that we must learn to relax, and this must be acquired by systematic practice, little by little, day by day. It is surprising how the great strain of every day life can be lessened by giving this matter of relaxation a little thought and attention every day. Assuredly this economizing of nerve force does pay in the long run. We must learn to strike a true balance between effort and rest if we would maintain our efficiency and make our work count for something. We cannot keep body and brain constantly at high pressure and get the best results, and when we persist in being spendthrifts of the vital forces of our being, nature is very likely to step in and force us to take a rest by way of a nervous break-down.

It is a good plan, when we feel that the weight of the whole world rests upon our shoulders and that all things earthly will stop when we do, to just sit down in the easiest chair in the house and simply relax and think of nothing for the space of five minutes. Then, when we feel our serenity returning, we can go over the duties of the day quietly, giving each their proper place, and reminding ourselves that we need do but one thing at a time. After which let us take up each task in its turn, determined to get all the pleasure out of our work there is in it, and we will find there is pleasure in doing well even the humblest tasks. Say to ourselves "This one thing I do," and when it is done with let it go and give all thought and attention to the next. If we do this, and persistently keep our thoughts from assembling our tasks in a mass before our mental vision, we will find them being disposed of in orderly array, without undue waste of nerve force, and we will close the day with undiminished strength and serenity.

To persist in this course will mean the acquiring of mental poise and physical efficiency that will enable us to accomplish things worth while. We will find we are not frittering away our time in aimlessly driving hither and thither, pecking first at one task and then at another, but that each hour finds its appointed work accomplished without physical or mental friction or the wear and tear that unfit us for any sort of efficient activity.

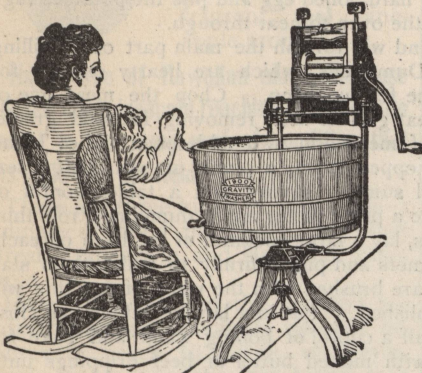
E. C. H.



## Does a Washing Just Like Play!

Six Minutes to Wash a Tubful!

Ladies, just see how easy I do a big washing with my 1900 Gravity Washer. I start the tub a-whirling. Then the gravity device under the tub begins to help and the rest is just like play. Washes a tubful in six minutes! How's that for quick and easy work? The 1900 Washer Co. sent me this marvelous machine on trial. They didn't ask for notes or cash in advance. And they let me pay for it a little each week out of the money it saved me! They treat everybody the same way.



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on 30 days' trial, the same as I got mine. The company will let you pay for it on the same easy terms they offered me. The Washer will actually pay for itself in a very short time. Mine did! I wouldn't take \$100 cash for my 1900 Gravity Washer if I couldn't get another just like it. It does beautiful work—handles anything from heavy blankets to daintiest laces. Every housewife who is tired of being a drudge and slave to the washtub should write to the 1900 Washer Co., 610 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y., for their beautiful Washer Book and generous offer of a Washer on free trial. MRS. R. H. FREDERICK.

### Do Not Show Your Age in Your Complexion

By DOROTHY VENN

(From San Francisco Examiner.)

What woman would not look young if she had a clear, soft complexion?

Perhaps the most wonderful skin treatment is one of the most simple. Dr. Takka Quoido, Japan's famous skin specialist, gives San Francisco women the following advice:

"Yes, we never grow old in Japan—I mean the women's faces never show age. All Japanese women use mayatone dissolved in witchhazel, and massage the solution thoroughly into the face, neck and arms once or twice a day. This treatment is absolutely harmless even to a baby's skin, and gives wonderful results, removing all manner of facial blemishes. It also prevents the growth of hair. You never saw a Japanese woman with hair on her face.

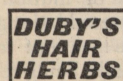
"Take a small original package of mayatone and dissolve it all in eight ounces of witchhazel, and you are supplied with this aid to youth."



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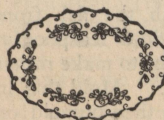


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HAND-MADE IRISH CROCHET BOW 30c Exquisite Hand-made Irish Crochet (Guaranteed) Neck Bow for 30c postpaid, also Jabot to match 30c

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THIS BEAUTIFUL TRAY CLOTH size 18 inches on Fine Art Linen, choice of Mt. Mellick, Wallachian, Eyelet, or Violet design sent for 10c. Bargain to introduce our new Catalogue of embroidery goods. Address: STANDARD SPECIALTY CO., Jersey City, N. J.

## Systematic Housekeeping

By Isabel S. Taylor

WHY, oh why, I ask in the name of long-suffering housekeepers, do some women, deliberately and with seemingly utter lack of observation, take up the time of other women? A friend will drop in just at the busiest time in the forenoon, and declare she has only a few minutes to stay, as she has so and so, and so and so to do at home, and she just must get back. You leave your dinner to take care of itself for the few minutes she has to stay, and when the minutes have run into half, or three-quarters of an hour, you run in to see how the dinner is getting along (and in all probability have to cut out part of the bill of fare), then hurry back to your guest, who by this time has gotten over her hurry and seems to be totally unconscious of the lapse of time, while you are doubly and keenly alive to it, and what with trying to keep up the conversation with a fair degree of interest, and the knowledge that your husband will be home to dinner in about forty minutes, and you have a man hired to work in the yard by the day, who will expect his on time, you are fairly at your wit's end, and rapidly losing the firm ground you felt yourself to be standing on an hour or so ago. Finally you feel that you cannot stand it any longer, and you give her a book of engravings or something of the kind, asking her to excuse you, etc., etc. If she doesn't go then, or if she does, it is all the same, you hurry into the kitchen and fix up some kind of a meal—not at all what you intended when you began. However, you manage to have the dinner nearly on time, but you are not in the least hungry yourself, and the visitor—if she is still there—seems in some mysterious way to have lost her charm. Your nervous system has been on a strain, not from what you have done, but from what you have not done, and because your mind and heart were in one part of the house, and your body detained, as it were,

in another; and there is a little feeling of resentment in spite of yourself. And yet, strange to say, your friend is one whom you like very much, and will welcome cordially the next time she calls. She is not a frivolous gossip, but a good, true friend, one perhaps who would make a sacrifice to do you a favor, and you know it. It is only that she does not see; but that is just what I cannot understand, why they do not see. They will notice at once a change in your style of dress, or in the furnishing of the room, but they are blind to the fact that they are intruding upon your time.

A short call from a pleasant person even at a busy time is often appreciated, as it gives you a chance for a little relaxation, but when it comes to breaking into, and upsetting all your morning's work, and perhaps your whole day it is a different thing. A call is all right at any time that suits her from an intimate friend, but the thing is for her to see for herself how long she ought to stay. Even if she sees you are busy she should gracefully withdraw and come at a more convenient time; it is very often these little hinderances that makes a woman's work—especially housekeeping—seem haphazard, when really it would not be if she could go on with it as she plans. A man would not sit down and chat with a friend, why should a woman? Why do we not make our work more of a business and have it understood that we are only at leisure at certain hours in the day, or upon certain days in the week as it suits us?

More system in housekeeping would save us in more ways than one, for it really is not so much what women do as what they do not do that makes them tired, because to be on a nervous strain for half an hour is more injurious than half a day's steady work with satisfaction at the end. A woman's work is made harder by the many interruptions she meets with, of which the indiscriminate caller is no means the least.

### Free and Unencumbered

Continued from page 5

heard Bunny cough and arose, faithful soul, to find remedy. The medicine chest was open with all the familiar white labels showing forth in the light of the street lamp and Maggie reached for a bottle with the sureness of an excellent memory unaided by verifying vision. To lie there in the hotel and see it, and be unable to lift a finger to stop her, was agony. The teaspoon was handy and Bunny, sleepy, warm, soft, tiny baby, was roused a little to take the nauseous dose docilely, like a good boy. He lay so quiet, so still, after a little, that Maggie was quite satisfied, good soul, and tiptoed away to bed without so much as a look around. He was quiet, yes, but Maggie had taken the bottle with a red label and Bunny, dear, noisy, merry little Bunny was—

"My baby's dead?" she moaned in explanation to Mrs. Forsythe. "I am going home by train right away. No, I don't want any breakfast at all. It's four o'clock, there's a train at 4.37, I heard the clerk tell a man so. Don't bother. Tell Adelaide I'm sorry but I wouldn't stay another minute for a million dollars, not for the whole wide world. My baby, my baby!"

With cold lifeless fingers she fastened hooks and buttons and tied strings, making great haste while it seemed to her the few minutes were an eternity. How could it ever take so cruelly long to dress, she wondered; she would miss the train if she didn't hurry, hurry—

"We can telephone for you," said Mrs. Forsythe kindly. "It's probably nothing but nightmare from over-fatigue. I'll call the boy, shall I?"

Mrs. Forsythe was very kind but, oh, Mrs. Forsythe had no babies and could not understand!

"The wire's down," she answered as one in a stupor. "You know the farmer said so yesterday. There's a washout, but—anyhow I couldn't stay another minute. My baby there and I not go!"

She flung her few things into her suitcase, left a note for Mrs. Spencer and was down in the office in another moment. Here she paid her own reckoning as a recompense for leaving without a warning, like a dissatisfied maid, and went on down to the station. It was an interminable time

before the train should come and a woman with a heart-rending baby was the only passenger. Mrs. Pratt turned her back on the baby but she could still hear it prattle, as she heard Bunny's voice in her inner heart all the way. That dear sweet little tone with its gentle upward inflection that was always a question challenging reply!

Miles and miles of prosperous country, tiny farm-houses with dirty little children playing out in front, field after field of shining rustling corn, everybody smiling and happy and glad to be met, and only she, a forlorn wandering sheep of a mother crouched in the smallest corner of the seat, with the dull agony of heartache that would not down. And how slow, how slow it was, how horribly slow!

Harry had said he would stay late that day before going to town but had little dreamed he would not go at all. She sped from the station up the little hill as though possessed, lugging her suitcase after her unconscious that she still held it, passing acquaintances like one bereft of her senses and starting the rumor of disaster that was not silenced for hours. Up the steps to the porch she ran, dropping her suitcase at last, and pulled open the screen door through which she could see Harry, Harry reading a morning paper and smoking a cigar. She stopped breathless and grasped the door for support.

"Minnie!" he cried springing to his feet. "What is it, dear? You have had an accident? Are you badly hurt?"

She scarcely heard him, waving him off frantically until she caught her breath.

"Bunny!" she cried in a whisper. "Tell me! Bunny! I dreamed—" "He's having his bath, dear," he said, folding his arms about her piteously. "You poor little woman! Bunny's all right and so are we all. There! Please, oh please, don't cry so, sweetheart!"

She tightened her arms about his neck in a convulsive grasp and sobbed afresh. All the sweet commonplace things hurt so, his gentle voice cutting like a knife into the horror her heart had held so long. She lifted her face from his shoulder and tried to smile, failing utterly.

"Oh Harry!" she cried solemnly. "What I have been through since I left you! Thank God, dear man, thank God that we are not unencumbered!"



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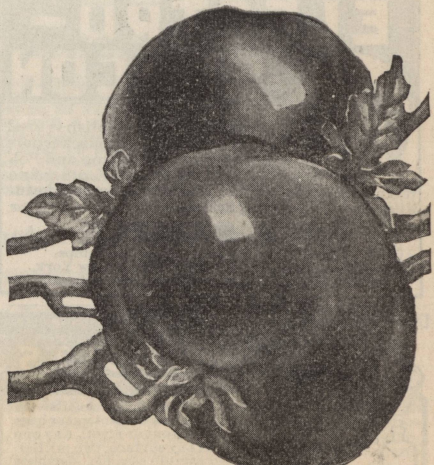
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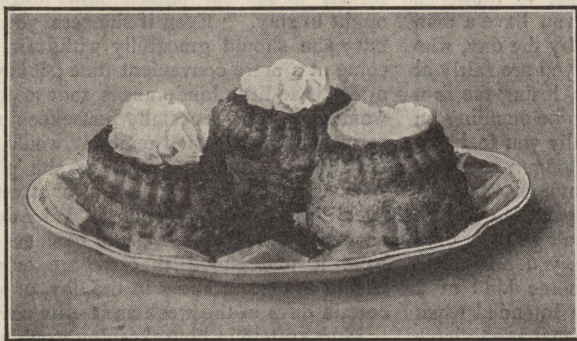
# THE DAINTY SERVING OF LEFT-OVERS

By Lilian Dynevor Rice

[The Cooking Class Competition closed February 1st. The accepted recipes will appear in The Housewife for April, and were selected from many thousands sent the department.]

FOREIGN housewives say that American housewives are the most wasteful of all nationalities; that what an American cook throws away a French one would feed a family on for several other meals. While not agreeing altogether to this statement, I think many housekeepers have much to learn in the way of serving what is left over from the different meals in such manner that they appeal to the palate and are also nourishing. Warmed over dishes are not particularly inviting, and plain stews and hashes fail to please if served too frequently, yet with a small family to provide for there is nearly always something left uneaten which is much too good to throw away, and the hungry back-door caller does not usually come at the right time. Some cooks may say why not cook less? But uncertain appetites often forbid this, and while they will demand double rations one day may go on half ones the next.

In the case of cereals—oatmeal, cornmeal, hominy and the like, the left over if it amount to a cupful can always be tastily utilized for the sweet dish for luncheon or dinner, therefore the best plan is to cook more than will be eaten for breakfast. With the left-over oatmeal put the cupful in the double boiler with half a cup-



Jackson Patties

ful of hot milk and heat, then stir with a fork until it is well softened and smooth, when add half a cupful of pitted and chopped dates and two heaping tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, stir until the sugar is dissolved, then pour into a mold wet with cold water and set in the ice box to become very cold. Serve with cream and powdered sugar, although little of the latter will be required as the dates are very sweet.

With two cupfuls of the cornmeal mush mix enough milk to make it of the consistency of batter, add half a cupful of sugar, half a cupful of molasses, two eggs beaten light, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a pinch of salt, a tablespoonful of ground cinnamon and nutmeg mixed, and two-thirds of a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water and added just before the pudding is put in the oven. Bake for two hours, stirring thoroughly about half an hour after it has commenced to cook, then leaving it undisturbed for the rest of the time. Serve with cream and sugar or hot maple syrup.



Date and Cereal Pudding

Cold rice may be reheated by stirring into just enough hot milk to make it soft, then sweeten to taste and flavor with vanilla or grated lemon peel or nutmeg, turn into egg or custard cups, and unmold for dessert, serving with the cones either custard sauce or cream and sugar.

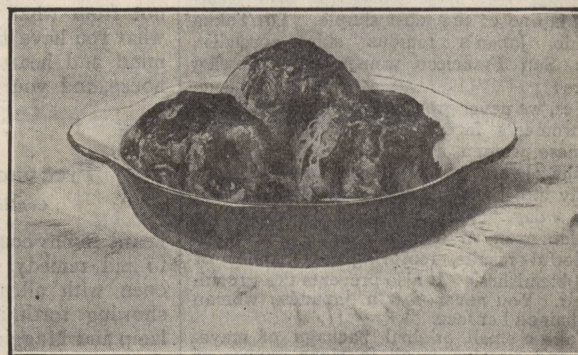
Cold hominy may be cut in inch thick strips, these dipped in the beaten yolk of egg and quickly fried brown in butter, then served with maple syrup and butter as a breakfast or luncheon dish, or two cupfuls of it may be beaten smooth with a little hot milk, then two beaten eggs added, also a tablespoonful of butter, a cupful of sugar and a teaspoonful of lemon or vanilla extract. Butter an earthenware baking dish, pour the mixture in this and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. Serve with hard sauce. This may be made a very rich pudding by adding half a cupful each of chopped nuts and seeded and chopped raisins.

When making pies the next time reserve enough of the dough for some deep tart forms or patty cases, baking these brown and holding them in reserve until you have mashed potatoes for dinner, when make an extra supply and the next day for luncheon prepare some Jackson Patties by slicing an onion and simmering this in milk, using a double boiler so it will not scorch, for fifteen

minutes, then strain out, add enough of the milk to the cold mashed potatoes to make them soft enough to beat with a fork, add butter in the proportions of a tablespoonful to a cupful of potatoes, salt, pepper and a little nutmeg and beat until like whipped cream. In the bottom of each patty put a layer of chopped boiled tongue, ham, or hard-boiled egg and pile the potatoes high on top, then return to the oven to heat through.

Cold meat of any kind will furnish the main part of the filling for the Baked Hash Dumplings, which are hearty enough for dinner, but are also fine for luncheon. Chop the meat fine or pass it through the meat grinder after removing fat and gristle, then to every cupful of meat add two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs and a small chopped onion, a pinch of salt, half a teaspoonful of powdered summer savory and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Make a paste as for apple dumplings, roll thin, cut in five-inch squares, lay a large spoonful of the hash on each, then gather up the corners and pinch firmly to make them stay closed. If the edges are brushed with the white of egg this will be more easily accomplished. Put in a larded baking pan close together. Pour in half a cupful of boiling water and bake for half an hour, basting with melted butter or beef drippings until browned nicely, adding a little boiling water if the contents of original amount dries out. At serving time put the dumplings on a hot platter, brown a tablespoonful of flour then mix it to a paste with beef drippings or butter and thin to a gravy with the water in the dumpling pan, seasoning it to taste with salt, pepper and tomato catsup or Worcestershire sauce, pour this over the dumplings and serve very hot. Or instead of the gravy make a tomato sauce of a cupful of canned tomatoes thickened with a teaspoonful of butter mixed with an equal quantity of flour, adding a few drops of onion juice if the flavor is liked.

The left over of a quart can of tomatoes, and slices of stale bread will combine for an appetizing breakfast dish of tomato toast. Toast the bread and butter it, and strain the tomatoes through a sieve to remove the seeds, forcing through the pulp with the back of a plated tablespoon; do not use an iron one. Put a tablespoonful of butter in the skillet and cream with it an equal quantity of flour, then add the tomato and stir smooth, thinning it when hot with enough rich milk to make it about like



Baked Hash Dumplings

the cream of milk toast. Season to taste with salt and pepper, and pour over the toast which should be crisp.

Left-over macaroni or spaghetti can be so prepared that it is really nicer than when freshly cooked. One way is to make sauce of the usual tablespoonful each of butter and flour thinned to a smooth cream with a cupful of milk. Stir the plain boiled macaroni when heating it in this so it does not stick, then put in layers in a deep baking dish, sprinkling each layer with crumbled cheese. Finish with a layer of the cheese and set in the oven until the top begins to brown, no longer or the cheese will be tough. The second way is to make an Italian pie, using in connection with the macaroni cold beefsteak, roast beef or mutton. Put a layer of the macaroni—cold boiled—in the buttered baking dish, an earthenware pudding dish is best; put in the meat cut in small pieces but not chopped fine, all the fat and gristle being removed; cover this with tomato pulp from which as much of the liquid as possible has been strained without pressing, salt and pepper, then cover with a thick layer of the macaroni which dot with butter and grated Parmesan cheese and bake in the oven for fifteen minutes or until the cheese is melted. Ordinary dairy cheese crumbled may be used instead of the Parmesan, or this ingredient may be omitted.

Left-over spinach provides a fine flavoring for a puree even if there is only a cupful or half that amount. Put it to heat in the double boiler with half a cupful of milk, it being supposed that no vinegar or lemon juice was previously used with the spinach—and simmer until very soft, meantime making a cream of butter and flour and a cupful of milk as for the first macaroni recipe. Strain the spinach and milk, pressing to get as much of the pulp as possible, and add to the cream sauce, stirring with a plated fork. If too thick for the taste thin with a little more milk, season with salt and white pepper after removing from the fire, and serve with the soup thin strips of toast or toasted squares of bread.

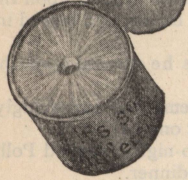
Canned fish such as sardines or salmon should be turned into a china or earthenware dish as soon as opened, then if any is left over after the first serving it is perfectly safe to re-use. Half a cupful will be enough to provide an accompaniment for salad for two or three people. Dissolve a teaspoonful of gelatine in about two tablespoonfuls of cold water, then mix it with the fish from which all skin and bones have been removed; add a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a pinch of salt and enough cayenne to make rather hot. If very thick add a little more lemon juice. Mold this in egg cups. Stand in a cold place for three hours then unmold on lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing.



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## Recipes with Canned Pineapple for Foundation

By Lilian Dynevor Rice

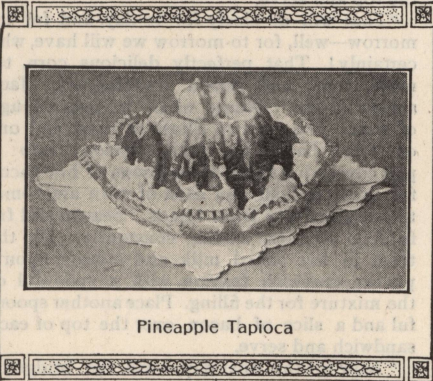
**Pineapple and Cream Cheese Salad.**—This rather unusual combination will prove its right to popularity after it is once tested, also it is a delight to the eye as well as the palate. Use for it the pale green heart leaves of lettuce arranging a ring of these on individual salad plates. On each ring put a whole slice of canned pineapple drained and slit across with a sharp knife so that it can be easily divided by the salad fork yet does not show the cutting until eaten. Rub a fresh cream cheese through a ricer or colander on the pineapple so that it stands up in light delicate flakes, then with a teaspoon gently put in the hole of the pineapple guava or currant jelly. Finish by sprinkling with a French dressing in which lemon juice is used instead of vinegar. The combined flavors of the dressing, pineapple, tart jelly and delicate cheese are deliciously blended. Serve fingers of whole wheat bread and butter with this salad.

**Royal Pineapple Tarts.**—Dry off a pint of flour in the oven, but do not let it brown, then sift it twice with a teaspoonful of baking powder. Sift a pint of granulated sugar and beat to a



Pineapple and Cream Cheese Salad

smooth cream with two-thirds of a pint of butter—if the unsalted kind is available it is better, otherwise the salt should be washed out by kneading the butter in cold water. After the sugar and butter are creamed work in the flour and add enough ice water to make a paste that can be rolled. Beat it with the rolling pin for ten minutes, folding it over from time to time, then roll out to quarter-inch thickness. Cut out with a thin tumbler, dipping the edge in dry flour between cuttings. With a ring cutter make half the quantity into rings which put one each on each round, holding the two together by brushing between with white of egg. Bake until of a light brown. Add to a cupful of grated or crushed pineapple a teaspoonful of butter, the juice of a lemon and half a cupful of sugar and simmer until thick, then drain off the juice and let both pulp and juice cool. Fill the tart forms with the chilled pulp and lay on each a ring of sliced pineapple, boil down the juice for a minute or so to make it still thicker, then glaze the pineapple slice with it and fill the hole in the center with currant or quince jelly. These are highly ornamental tarts and aside from the paste are easily made.



Pineapple Tapioca

**Pineapple Tapioca.**—Soak two heaping teaspoonfuls of tapioca over night, drain in the morning and cook until soft—about fifteen minutes usually—in a pint of juice strained from canned pineapple. If very sweet desserts are liked a little additional sugar will be necessary. When soft take from the fire and fold in quickly the stiffly beaten white of an egg. Turn into a chilled mould and set away to become ice cold and firm. When ready to serve turn out in a fancy dish and arrange whole slices of pineapple around the form, then cover this with whipped cream, or plain cream may be served as an accompaniment.

**Heavenly Hash.**—This recipe owes its origin to some college for girls, but whether Smith, Vassar or Barnard I have forgotten, but at all events its popularity is universal and is not confined by any means to college girls. For an amount sufficient for a dozen people peel and quarter six sweet oranges, taking off as much of the white skin as possible, removing the seeds and cutting into small pieces. Add to the pulp a can of sliced pineapple cut into cubes, two firm bananas sliced and sprinkled with lemon juice to keep from discoloring, and a dozen or so white grapes, skinned, cut in two and seeded. Stir together gently and pour over the juice of the pineapple which has been simmered to a thick syrup with the addition of a cupful of sugar and the juice of a lemon. A few candied cherries are a pretty addition, also a grating of nutmeg if the flavor is liked.



# The Bridge Went Down

mma Brownell Reade

Illustrated by Laird Easton



Jack made a megaphone of his hands

my Rhode Island Reds for Rob and Nell! Well I think not. Nor for the President and his Cabinet when they happen to drop in to dinner.

"Isn't it enough that I've offered eggs—" "H'm," sniffed Polly.

"Have practically offered eggs," amended Jack with dignified emphasis, "worth ten cents apiece—mark that, Polly!" impressively, "ten cents apiece those eggs are worth by the setting—"

"Yes, yes, dear, I know," agreed Polly pacifically. "Well, then, we'll eliminate the chickens, and I'll use store eggs for the baking and—and—things."

"Let's see! Where was I—oh, yes! A can of salmon, and a box of sardines; then there is a strip of bacon—"

"Bacon!" commented Jack meditatively. "That sounds good!"

"It is well enough occasionally," replied Mrs. Polly, still considering thoughtfully, "but one can't vary it much. As a steady diet bacon is, —well, it is just bacon."

"Not when you get hold of it," asserted Jack confidently. "If anyone can evolve a chicken pie from a bacon rind it is my Polly. Salmon, sardines and a strip of bacon! My mind is at rest concerning the turtle-doves. They will fare sumptuously. Bye-bye sweetheart."

Mrs. Polly smoothed her hair once more, thought a bit, and disappeared within the pantry.

Such confidence must be justified. How, she did not know,—but somehow.

"Now isn't it fortunate," quoth she, reaching for her cook book, "that not one of us is addicted to what Jack calls the 'meat breakfast habit.' Coffee, cereal and fruit, with toast or pancakes will do nicely for breakfast, and for luncheon—now how did I prepare that dish of spaghetti and bacon which Jack liked so much," hastily scanning the pages, "oh! here it is."

"One dozen tubes of spaghetti for each person, cooked with one-half an onion, sliced, in boiling salted water until tender, drained, and arranged upon a platter. Fry one slice of bacon for each person, remove from pan, stir into the bacon fat one tablespoonful of flour and three of Chili sauce. Cook until smooth, thinning with boiling water to the consistency of gravy, add pepper and salt and pour around the spaghetti. Arrange the sliced bacon over the top and serve."

"That will do nicely for to-day, and for to-morrow—well, for to-morrow we will have, why certainly! That perfectly delicious corn, tomato, toast and bacon combination. Jack simply doesn't know when he gets enough of that. Prepare two slices of toast and one of fried bacon for each person; into a pan containing three tablespoons of hot bacon fat turn one-half can each of corn and tomatoes drained free from liquor. Season and fry for five minutes, stirring constantly. Dip the toast in hot salted milk, and arrange upon a platter, sandwich fashion, with a spoonful of the mixture for the filling. Place another spoonful and a slice of bacon over the top of each sandwich and serve."

"Now for the next day,—will the bridge be fixed by that time I wonder? Oh it must! One can't get along after this fashion; for next day, well—we might have mashed potato arranged in a mound, with sliced bacon over the top, and a dressing of two tablespoons each of bacon fat and salted milk boiled together and poured around it, or—rice and tomato curry with bacon. Jack thinks that fine."

"One-half cup of rice cooked in two cups of boiling salted water until tender and arranged in a mound upon a platter. One tomato for each person stewed with half a sliced onion and a bay leaf in sufficient water to cover, and seasoned with one-half teaspoon of curry powder, and trifle of salt and pepper. Fry one slice of bacon for each person, remove from pan, put in cooked tomato, boil up once in the bacon fat, and pour over the rice. Arrange the sliced bacon over top and serve."

"Why dear me!" turning the pages desperately, "there are no more bacon recipes. And they call this a cook book—well!"

And Mrs. Polly planted both elbows upon the table, her chin within her hands, and lapsed into inventive meditation.

Jack sniffed the air as he entered upon the following evening.

"It smells good," he remarked approvingly, "but—do turtle-doves eat onions?"

"They will eat them to-night," replied Polly severely, "or go without dinner."

They did eat, and asked for a second helping, whereat Polly beamed graciously, although denying herself her rightful portion to meet the appreciative appetites of her guests. Jack cornered her on her way to the parlor.

"What was it sweetheart?" he whispered. "Of all the jolly good dishes!"

"Go away!" laughed Polly. "Much you know about cooking excepting to eat it."

"Honest I'll remember! Tell me, my Polly," pleaded Jack.

"Oh well then—" yielded Polly, dimpling so fascinatingly that her carefully arranged pompadour was threatened with instant destruction, "fry two or three slices of lean bacon for each person, and remove, with all the fat save two tablespoonfuls, from the pan. Have ready sliced potato and sliced onion in the proportion of four large potatoes and one onion for four persons and arrange these with the bacon in alternate layers in the pan, dusting each layer of potato and onion with salt, pepper and one scant tablespoon of flour; cover with boiling water, add a bay leaf and a trifle of sage and cook until soft and creamy,—and now for goodness sake keep still about it before Rob and Nell," she whispered as with arms intertwined they approached the parlor, "they will not care now, but fancy remembering a bacon fed honeymoon."

Upon the day following there was still no sign of the butcher, but Polly's dinner menu left no occasion for regret.

Cutting lean bacon into rather thick two-inch squares and frying until well done, she dipped each piece alternately into beaten egg and grated bread crumbs three separate times, dropped into a kettle of deep, hot fat and fried to a delicate brown. Piled upon a platter and served with catsup, after the manner of fried oysters which they closely resembled in appearance, Jack and Polly voted their second bacon dinner also a success.

"Where did you learn to prepare such delicious dishes Polly?" asked Nell as they lingered at the table. "I am sure we weren't taught these at cooking school."

"Polly needs no instructor save her own resourceful brain," interposed Jack gravely. "Under its direction codfish emerges an oyster stew, beef hash becomes a—a—well, something different, and even bacon, plebian bacon—"

"Jack!" cried Polly beseechingly.

"Yes dear," replied Jack.

Polly flashed upon him a withering look.

"When my brain is able to extract a drop of sense from the torrent of nonsense which you inflict upon your hearers, I shall expect to be decorated by a grateful public," she replied scathingly. "And now if you have exhausted your compliments you may be excused."

"And if I have not?" queried Jack, with a wicked twinkle in his eye.

"You may still be excused," replied Polly calmly, her feet beneath the table pressing gently upon Jack's tenderest corn.

Jack rose with suspicious alacrity.

"I presume that, as usual, you forgot to feed the chickens Polly," he remarked severely. Come with me, Rob, if you want to see some of the finest birds that ever wore feathers."

"Isn't it nice to have fresh meat again?" remarked Polly unguardedly at dinner next day.

"This is certainly very good," assented Rob, "but then so are all of your meats. Now that served yesterday,—the—the—"

"Chicken croquettes?" suggested Jack.

Rob looked puzzled. "What's the joke?" he demanded. "Oh come now, you can't fool me. Catsup isn't served with chicken croquettes. I don't know what they were, but whenever Mrs. Polly is kind enough to give them to us again I guarantee to eat my share."





## Anne of Green Gables

Continued from page 15

in the graveyard and you planted a rosebush by my grave and watered it with your tears; and you never forgot the friend of your youth who sacrificed her life for you. The tears just rained down over my cheeks while I mixed the cake. But I forgot the flour and the cake was a dismal failure. Marilla was cross and I don't wonder. I'm a great trial to her. She was terribly mortified about the pudding sauce last week. We had a plum pudding for dinner on Tuesday and half the pudding and a pitcherful of sauce was left over. Marilla told me to set it on the pantry shelf and cover it. I meant to cover it just as much as could be, but when I carried it in I was imagining I was a nun taking the veil to bury a broken heart in cloistered seclusion; and I forgot. I thought of it next morning and ran to the pantry. Fancy if you can my horror at finding a mouse drowned in that pudding sauce! I lifted the mouse out with a spoon and threw it out in the yard and then I washed the spoon in three waters. Marilla was milking and I fully intended to ask her when she came in if I'd give the sauce to the pigs; but when she did come in I was imagining that I was a frost fairy going through the woods turning the trees red and yellow, so I never thought about the pudding sauce again and Marilla sent me out to pick apples. Mr. and Mrs. Chester Ross came that morning. You know they are very stylish people, especially Mrs. Chester Ross. When Marilla called me in dinner was all ready and everybody at the table. I tried to be polite and dignified as I could, for I wanted Mrs. Chester Ross to think I was a ladylike little girl even if I wasn't pretty. Everything went right until I saw Marilla coming with the plum pudding in one hand and the pitcher of pudding sauce, warmed up, in the other. That was a terrible moment. I stood up and shrieked out, 'Marilla, you mustn't use that pudding sauce. There was a mouse drowned in it. I forgot to tell you before.' Oh, Diana, I shall never forget that awful moment if I live to be a hundred. Mrs. Chester Ross just looked at me and I thought I would sink through the floor. She is such a perfect housekeeper. Marilla turned red as fire but she never said a word—then. She just carried that sauce and pudding out and brought in some strawberry preserves. She even offered me some, but I couldn't swallow a mouthful. It was like heaping coals of fire on my head. After Mrs. Chester Ross went Marilla gave me a dreadful scolding. Why, Diana, what is the matter?"

Diana stood up unsteadily; then she sat down again, putting her hands to her head.

"I'm—I'm awful sick," she said, thickly. "I—I—must go right home."

"Oh, you mustn't dream of going home without your tea," cried Anne in distress. "I'll get it right off—I'll go and put the tea down this minute."

"I must go home," repeated Diana, stupidly.

"Let me get you a lunch anyhow," implored Anne. "Let me give you a bit of fruit-cake and some of the cherry preserves. Lie down on the sofa for a little while and you'll be better. Where do you feel bad?"

"I'm awful dizzy," said Diana.

Anne got Diana's hat and went with her as far as the Barry fence. Then she wept all the way back to Green Gables, where she put the remainder of the raspberry cordial back into the pantry and got tea ready for Matthew.

The next day was Sunday and as the rain poured down in torrents Anne did not stir abroad from Green Gables. Monday afternoon Marilla sent her down to Mrs. Lynde's on an errand. In a short time Anne came flying back up the lane, with tears rolling down her cheeks. Into the kitchen she dashed and flung herself on the sofa in an agony.

"Whatever has gone wrong now, Anne?" queried Marilla. "I do hope you haven't gone and been saucy to Mrs. Lynde again."

No answer came from Anne.

"Anne Shirley, when I ask you a question I want to be answered. Sit up this minute and tell me what you are crying about."

"Mrs. Lynde was up to see Mrs. Barry today and Mrs. Barry was in an awful state," she wailed. "She says that I set Diana drunk Saturday. And she says I must be a bad, wicked girl and she's never going to let Diana play with me again."

Marilla stared in blank amazement.

"Set Diana drunk!" she said when she found her voice. "Anne, are you or Mrs. Barry crazy? What on earth did you give her?"

"Not a thing but raspberry cordial," sobbed Anne. "I never thought raspberry cordial would set people drunk, Marilla—not even if they drank three big tumblerfuls as Diana did."

"Drunk fiddlesticks!" said Marilla, marching to the sitting-room pantry. There on the shelf was a bottle which contained some of her three-year old currant wine for which she was celebrated in Avonlea. Marilla recollected that she had put the cordial down cellar instead of in the pantry as she had told Anne.

She went back to the kitchen with the wine bottle in her hand. Her face was twitching in spite of herself.

"Anne, you certainly have a genius for getting into trouble. You gave Diana currant wine instead of raspberry cordial. Didn't you know the difference?"

"I never tasted it," said Anne. "I thought it was the cordial. I meant to be so—so—hospitable. Diana got awfully sick and had to go home. Mrs. Barry told Mrs. Lynde she was

simply dead drunk. She just laughed silly when her mother asked her what was the matter and went to sleep and slept for hours. Her mother smelled her breath and knew she was drunk. She had a headache all day yesterday."

"I should think she would punish Diana for being so greedy as to drink three glassfuls of anything," said Marilla shortly. "I kept that bottle for sickness. There, there, child, don't cry. I can't see as you were to blame although I'm sorry it happened."

"I must cry," said Anne. "My heart is broken. The stars in their courses fight against me, Marilla. Diana and I are parted forever."

"Don't be foolish, Anne. Mrs. Barry will think better of it when she finds you're not really to blame. You'd best go up this evening and tell her how it was."

"My courage fails me," sighed Anne. "I wish you'd go, Marilla. You're so much more dignified than I am."

"Well, I will," said Marilla. "Don't cry any more, Anne. It will be all right."

Marilla had changed her mind about its being all right by the time she got back from Orchard Slope. Anne was watching for her coming and flew to the porch door to meet her.

"Oh, Marilla, I know by your face that it's been no use," she said sorrowfully. "Mrs. Barry won't forgive me?"

"Mrs. Barry, indeed!" snapped Marilla. "Of all the unreasonable women I ever saw she's the worst. I told her it was all a mistake and you weren't to blame, but she simply didn't believe me. And she rubbed it well in about my currant wine and how I'd always said it couldn't have the least effect on anybody. I just told her plainly that currant wine wasn't meant to be drunk three tumblerfuls at a time and that if a child I had to do with was so greedy I'd sober her up with a spanking."

Presently Anne stepped out into the chill Autumn dusk. Mrs. Barry, coming to the door in answer to a timid knock, found a white-lipped, eager-eyed suppliant on the doorstep.

Her face hardened. Mrs. Barry was a woman of strong prejudices and dislikes. To do her justice, she really believed Anne had made Diana drunk out of sheer malice, and she was anxious to preserve her daughter from the contamination of such a child.

"What do you want?" she said stiffly.

Anne clasped her hands.

"Oh, Mrs. Barry, please forgive me. I did not mean to—to—intoxicate Diana. How could I? If you were a poor little orphan girl that kind people had adopted and you had just one bosom friend in all the world, do you think you would intoxicate her on purpose? I thought it was only raspberry cordial. Oh, please don't say that you won't let Diana play with me any more. If you do you will cover my life with a dark cloud of woe."

This speech, which would have softened Mrs. Lynde's heart in a twinkling, had no effect on Mrs. Barry. She was suspicious of Anne's big words and dramatic gestures. So she said:

"I don't think you are a fit little girl for Diana to associate with."

"Won't you let me see Diana just once to say farewell?" she implored.

"Diana has gone over to Carmody with her father," said Mrs. Barry, shutting the door.

Anne went back to Green Gables in despair.

"My last hope is gone," she told Marilla. "I went up and saw Mrs. Barry myself. Marilla, I do not think she is a well-bred woman. There is nothing more to do except to pray and I haven't much hope that that'll do much good because I do not believe that God can do much with such an obstinate person as Mrs. Barry."

"Anne, you shouldn't say such things," rebuked Marilla, striving to overcome that tendency to laughter. And when she told the whole story to Matthew that night, she did laugh.

But when she slipped into the east gable and found that Anne had cried herself to sleep an unaccustomed softness crept into her face.

"Poor little soul," she murmured, lifting a loose curl of hair from the child's tear-stained face. Then she bent down and kissed the flushed cheek on the pillow.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## A NEW INTEREST IN LIFE

THE next afternoon Anne, bending over her patchwork at the kitchen window, happened to glance out and beheld Diana down by the Dryad's Bubble beckoning mysteriously. In a trice Anne was flying down to the hollow.

"Your mother hasn't relented?" she gasped.

Diana shook her head.

"No; and oh, Anne, she says I'm never to play with you again. I told her it wasn't your fault, but it wasn't any use. I had such a time coaxing her to let me come down and say goodbye. She said I was only to stay ten minutes."

"Ten minutes isn't very long to say an eternal farewell in," said Anne tearfully. "Oh, Diana, will you promise faithfully never to forget me?"

"Indeed I will," sobbed Diana, "and I'll never have another bosom friend—I don't want to have. I couldn't love anybody as I love you."

"Oh, Diana," cried Anne, clasping her hands, "do you love me?"

"Why, of course I do. Didn't you know that?"

"No." Anne drew a long breath. "I thought you liked me of course, but I never hoped you loved me. Nobody ever has loved me since I can remember. Oh, this is wonderful! Oh, just say it once again."

"I love you devotedly, Anne," said Diana.

Continued on third cover page

## The Suffragette

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Helping Make the Garden

### Children and Plants

BY CALVIN DILL WILSON

**A** PART from the well-known and good custom of permitting children to have a garden, it is well to have each child in a family assume responsibility for the care of one or more plants. The child will soon find that there is a great deal more than he imagined to learn about any given plant as an individual as well as the genus and species to which it belongs. If told that a certain tree or bush on the lawn is to be in his special charge, he may at first fancy that there is nothing particular for him to do in regard to it. But if he takes the matter seriously and is instructed and guided by somebody who is competent to inform him, and has the example of others in doing the same thing, he will become more and more interested as he discovers bit by bit that thorough care of a growing thing requires attention and some work. Of course, the child should not be left to himself in the matter unless you have a bush or tree that you are willing to lose in order that he may experiment blindly; even this might be worth while in order to let him find out some things for himself. But assuming that the plant is valuable the child of course needs guidance and light.

If he becomes interested he is sure to learn many things about plants in general from consideration of that specimen. He will ask many questions of many people and will learn to observe other plants as he walks and rides. He will pay attention when others are trimming or fertilizing or spraying plants. He will find out whether or not sod should be permitted to grow close to the butt, or if a circle of sod should be cut away, whether to fertilize or not, to mulch or not, how to prune and when, what signs indicate need for spraying, what spray is good for a particular tree.

The child will learn much, will lay the foundations of knowledge that will be worth while when he has a home of his own, will perhaps get the beginnings of a business.

### Sisters

BY INEZ DE JARNATT COOPER

**B**IG Sister was going. It had been told to Bethel two months before and she had known it in a dull way, not realizing its significance. But now—now it was true. For hadn't Sadie and Flossie skipped delightedly into the nursery and told her that even now they were pinning on the bridal veil? That the head dresser from Field's had come in to drape it; and didn't Sadie jump up and down as she measured, with plump bare arms, the length of Big Sister's white satin train! Then they had darted away and for once, because she was not the most important person in the house, Bethel was forgotten—as she longed to be. Forgotten—but not by Big Sister.

Big Sister had never been too occupied to think of her and after the ceremony and reception when, radiant in her smiles and bridal traveling attire, she had bidden the friends good-bye, she turned to those nearest, despite the fact that the carriage was waiting.

"Where?" she asked, perplexed, "is Little Sister?" and then, at a queer look from Sadie and Flossie—then, she remembered.

Upstairs the little girls flew to lead the way, but Big Sister gently—she was always gentle about everything—pushed them aside; and entered her room alone. Guided by the sounds of muffled sobs, she soon had a damp, sorrowful little bundle gathered in the arms that had always been able to shield and comfort.

In one bird-like hand, Bethel clutched a string of glass beads; and when Big Sister, bending low, assured her that she might spend the long vacation with her in far away New York; Bethel reached up and clasped the glass

treasure about her neck. "To remember me by," she murmured. "You will wear them?"

"Yes, Little Sister," said Big Sister, kissing her. Then she gently put her away and passed downstairs, through the line of guests and relatives, down the steps to the carriage, without anyone noticing her necklace.

But in the train it was noticed—"Look what she has on her neck. How incongruous!" spoke one young woman to her companion.

"Not so," replied the other—one supposed to be wise in such matters. "No woman so faultlessly dressed would wear imitations. They must be real turquoise."

Big Sister heard—and the bridegroom. And he, who alone could appreciate the great wound in Bethel's heart, smiled tenderly down at his wife. She did not speak but in an answering smile; for the heart that beat under the soft gray gown was warm and glad; for she too, knew that they were precious stones—far more precious than turquoise.

### Solving the Soiled Table Cloth Problem

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON

**A** FRIEND has solved the soiled table cloth problem in a somewhat original manner. Mason was a very careless little boy, or perhaps it would be more lenient to call him unfortunate, whenever a clean table cloth graced the table. His mother usually knew when an accident had occurred by a guilty roving of his eyes in her direction and a sly moving of his plate to cover the offending spot.

If company happened to be present the little fellow knew he was likely to "get off easy;" and he often took such an occasion his mother declared to show an utter disregard for her dainty table linen by a reckless dropping of gravy, or pie juice, or whatever happened to be dropable.

One noon Mason had a penny to spend on his way back to school. That day it served a double purpose. A telltale blueberry stain was skilfully concealed by it, but not without first being observed by his mother's watchful eyes. Mason's tactful covering of the stain suggested a possible way out of the dilemma.

"I am going to make a proposition to you, Mason," his mother said. "Whenever you get a spot on the table cloth, in future, it must be covered by a penny; and that penny cannot be redeemed until a whole day has passed without a similar occurrence. Your pennies must remain in my possession until you have earned them back by painstaking care."

Much to the mother's surprise the little fellow immediately entered into the spirit of the scheme and left his penny upon the offending spot until he should have earned it back as she had suggested. The next day she noticed that a greater effort was being made to avoid the usual catastrophe, and, sometimes, for three consecutive days, there would not be a penny upon the table cloth. Then, in some unfortunate moment, Mason would be off guard and the game would be "on" again.

Sometimes his mother would find herself custodian of three pennies at a time, but those cases were rare and more often several days would go by without a confiscated coin.

The experiment was to be tried until Christmas, and whichever held the penny at that time was to receive fifty pennies as a Christmas gift. Mason carefully hoarded all his odd change in case he should happen to be loser, which made the game more exciting. For a while it was mother one day and Mason next. But gradually the scale began to tip the other way, until, on Christmas morning, Mason had been two whole weeks without a penny beside his plate, and proudly jingled fifty of them in a little tin box among his other Christmas gifts.

It is a rare thing now for him to be careless of the snowy table linen; and the "penny cure" effected the change, his mother declares.

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# EMBROIDERED WEAR FOR BABIES

By Gertrude Walbran

THE styles in infants' and children's clothes have undergone many changes in the past few years and we have now reached a time when sensible mothers choose frocks cut on plain and simple lines, even for high days and holidays, in place of the befrilled and ruffled models of yesteryear.

In looking over the newest things in baby wear in any of the large shops one cannot help but be impressed by the fineness of material, exquisite stitchery and embroidery and the absence of anything showy. Tiny hand-buttonholed scallops finish the edge of petticoats, sleeves, neckbands, etc., and only dainty patterned narrow insertion and lace are used.

The plainest slips and dresses show only fine tucks, shirrings or box-plaits, with touches of brier or feather-stitching for trimming. Even these plain slips are expensive to buy ready-made, while the prices of frocks showing anything more than a touch of hand embroidery are startling to the woman of slender purse.

The dress pictured in the accompanying illustration is made of fine, sheer batiste, all the work, needless to say, being done by hand. This is an especially good model for a boy, the effect of the box-plaits being less fussy than either fine tucks or gathers.

The rather deep, pointed yoke is joined to the body of the dress with a fine embroidery beading and one hole seam beading is used at the neck and wrists. Each box-plait is feather stitched through the center and the neck and wristbands are also feather stitched and edged with fine Valenciennes lace.

In embroidering the little yoke a more open effect may be obtained by making all the dots in eyelet work, but as a rule, satin stitch, with only a very little open embroidery is preferred for infants' clothes.

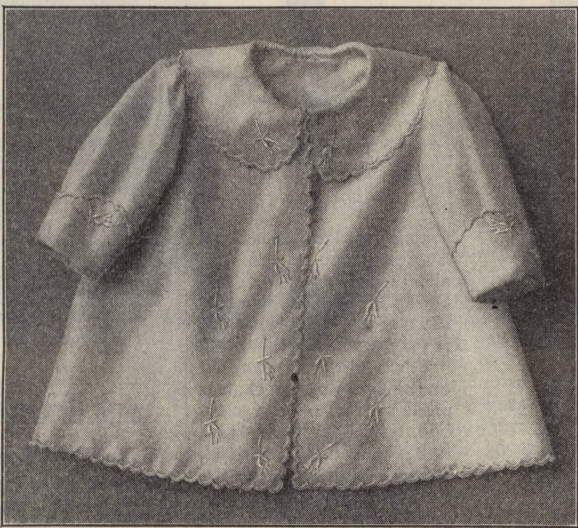
Be sure to do all the filling or padding with the material stretched in an embroidery frame or hoop, otherwise the satin stitch is apt to pucker. An uneven running or darning stitch worked in rows, one on top of the

other, or an outline stitch done in the same way, may be used for padding, choosing a slightly heavier thread for this than for the over-and-over stitch. The padding, which is often omitted by the inexperienced embroiderer, is really a very important and necessary part of the work, as it causes the embroidery to stand up in effective relief from the material after the embellished article is laundered and well pressed after being dampened. When the padding is finished slip

Satin stitch requires more practice to produce even fairly good work than does almost any other style of embroidery, so the inexperienced worker must not feel discouraged should her first efforts prove not altogether satisfactory. Many women make the mistake of using too fine a thread; this is quite as bad an error as to choose a thread that is too coarse. It is seldom necessary to use a marking cotton finer than Nos. 40 or 45 and for most work Nos. 30 or



Booties and Cap



A Pretty Coat

35 is apt to produce better results. A yoke, such as is used in this little dress, could readily be made in an afternoon and at a cost not exceeding twenty cents, while the material for the rest of the frock would amount to less than two dollars. If bought ready made this dress would cost \$6.

The second illustration shows a dainty cap and pair of booties. The cap is one of the serviceable one-piece models which can be opened out flat for laundering. It is made of a strip of fine handkerchief linen, finished with a hemstitched hem and rows of feather stitching worked between groups of tiny hand-run tucks. A very simple trailing vine is embroidered in the wide, plain space between the groups of tucks and adds considerably to the daintiness of the cap. It is finished with plain strings with hemstitched ends, though ribbon ties may be substituted.

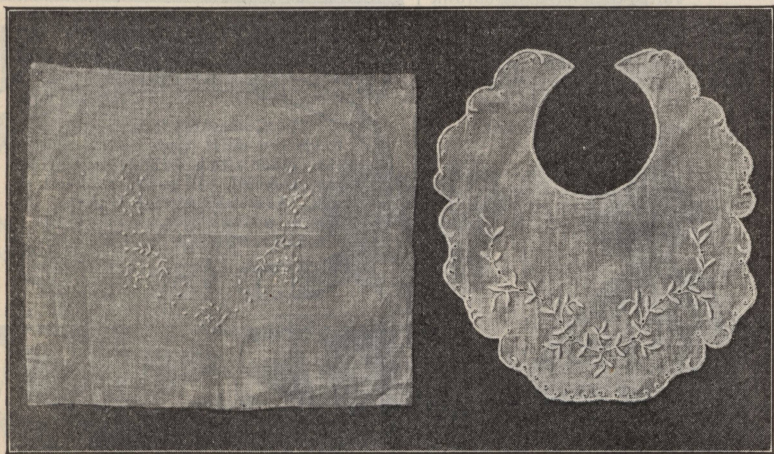
All small babies wear hand-made booties at one time or another and those made of linen, cloth or heavy silk are much prettier than the old-fashioned knitted or crocheted kind. The pair shown in the second illustration are novel in cut, the straps, which come up from each side of the sole over the instep, prevent the booties from slipping off. The scallops need not be padded before being buttonholed, but to prevent tearing in laundering, outline them with a row of uneven darning or running stitch. Pad the flowers and leaves and cover with satin stitch, making an eyelet in the center of each flower.

The little coat shown in the illustration is suitable for a baby from one to six months old. It is made of fine French cashmere without a lining, all of the seams being neatly bound with thin white silk ribbon. If a high raised scallop is desired, pad with several rows of darning cotton worked one on top of the other, otherwise simply run one row of darning along the outer edge to insure firmness. Pad the rose buds and leaves and cover with satin stitch, filling the centers of the buds with seeding or leaving them plain as in the coat illustrated. A twisted embroidery silk, not too coarse, or a medium weight knitting silk should be used for the coat, avoiding any of the flosses which are not well twisted.

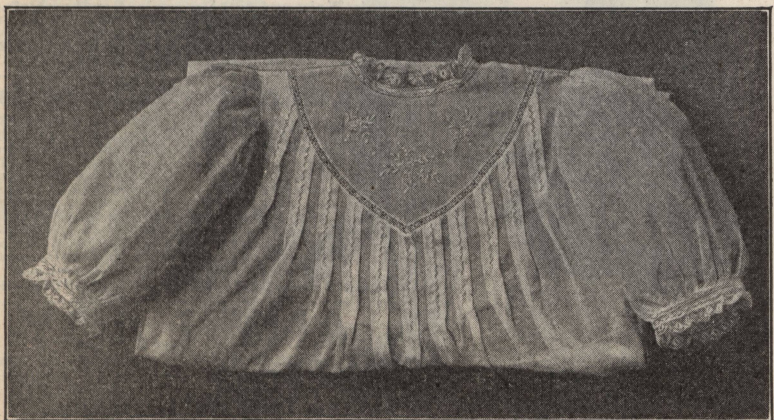
Most babies, especially when very small, require bibs, and though elaborate over trimmed styles are no longer in vogue, a dainty hand-embroidered bib will meet with general approval from mothers of good taste.

An unusually pretty bib and another embroidered yoke appear in the illustration. The bib is cut on generous lines, the outer edge being buttonholed in an irregular wavy scallop.

The little yoke shows tiny flowerets surrounded by a ring of solid dots with here and there a group of small dots or a leaf spray. It may be cut round, square or pointed as preferred, and the design may be duplicated for the back portion, allowance being made for the closing edges.



Two Designs for Bibs



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**T**HIS is the season of the year, while merchants are holding their white sales and beautiful wash embroideries and laces are most reasonable in price, that women prepare pretty underwear for the coming Summer, at which time sheer dresses make necessary the wearing of attractive lingerie beneath them.

On this page are presented all the designs now in fashion, both separate garments and combinations, some women preferring the one and some the other. The first illustration shows a one-piece corset cover, No. 2714, with or without a tunic piece. It is made of embroidered nainsook flouncing, and is in six sizes, from 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

The Princess Combination, No. 2882, to be worn under one-piece dresses, consists of corset cover and drawers, and may close at the front or back as preferred. It is in seven sizes from 34 to 46 inches bust measure.



Ladies' One-Piece Corset Cover, No. 2714

pictured made of plain pink lawn and trimmed with pink-and-white figured lawn. The skirt is of embroidered cambric flouncing.

The last single figure shows One-Piece Corset Cover, No. 1744, and Dart-Fitted Drawers, No. 2362, both made of nainsook and embroidery. The corset cover is in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure, and the drawers in eight sizes, 22 to 36 inches waist measure.

The left hand figure in the center group pictures a very attractive combination of corset cover and open drawers with yoke; cambric, lace and insertion being the materials employed. The pattern, No. 2109, is to be had in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

The figure seated on the floor shows Dressing Sack, No. 1849, seven sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure, and Seven-Gored Petticoat, No. 2146, in eight sizes from 22 to 36 inches waist measure. The sack is here made of blue lawn, lace and beading trimmed, and the skirt of long cloth with nainsook embroidered ruffles, its further decoration con-



Ladies' One-Piece Corset Cover, No. 1744, and Dart-Fitted Drawers, No. 2362



Ladies' Princess Combination Undergarment, No. 2882

ure, and is here made of cambric; lace edging and insertion being used to trim.

At the foot of the first column are pictured One-Piece Corset Cover, No. 2504, and Four-Gored Petticoat, No. 2477, the garments being made to match of cambric flouncing. The corset cover is in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure, and the petticoat in eight sizes, 22 to 36 inches waist measure.

At the center of the bottom row are shown a round-necked corset cover with center-back seam, No. 2412, and open drawers, No. 2924, with yoke. The garments are made of English long cloth, lace and insertion trimmed. The corset cover is in eight sizes, 32 to 46 inches bust measure, and the drawers which are al-



Ladies' Combination, No. 2109 consisting of Corset Cover and Drawers

Ladies' Dressing Sack, No. 1849 and Seven-Gored Petticoat No. 2146

Ladies' Tucked Night Gown, No. 2111 with long or elbow sleeves



Ladies' One-Piece Corset Cover, No. 2504, and Four-Gored Petticoat, No. 2477



Ladies' Corset Cover, No. 2412, and Yoke Drawers, No. 2914



Ladies' Dressing Sack, No. 1849, and Five-Gored Petticoat, No. 2769

so in eight sizes are from 22 inches to 36 inches waist measure. The figure at the right shows Kimono Dressing Sack, No. 2859, in four sizes, 52 to 44 inches bust measure, and Five-Gored Petticoat, No. 2769, in eight sizes from 22 to 36 inches waist measure. The kimono is

A pretty style now in fashion is the making of a garment of plain cambric and the ruffles of crossbar cambric, sometimes even the kind barred with pale pink or blue being used and when lace and insertion trim these, the effect is very dainty. Dotted swiss can be similarly used.

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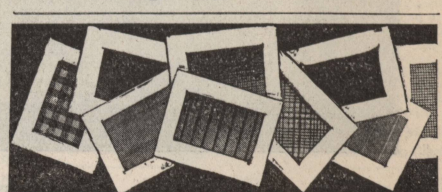
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## Some Designs for Spring Wear

Ladies' Shirtwaist  
No. 3187Ladies' Russian Blouse  
No. 3183 and Skirt  
No. 3197Ladies' Semi-Princess  
Dress No. 3200

One of the new Russian blouses is the first garment here pictured, made by No. 3183, from 32 to 40 inches bust measure, combined with Skirt No. 3197, having a yoke and a box-plaited flounce, and in five sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure. As here pictured the blouse is made of plain violet voile combined with filet lace and trimmed with darker braid. The skirt is of violet-and-white plaid voile.

Ladies' Shirtwaist No. 3187, next shown is in six sizes from 32 to 42 inches bust measure. It is here made of white lawn and has the very fashionable frill.

Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress No. 3200, is in five sizes from 32 to 40 inches bust measure, and is here pictured as made of dark blue rajah silk combined with fancy net.

Ladies' Shirtwaist No. 3195, six sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure, is shown made of white linen and combined with Front-Closing Yoke Skirt No. 3213, five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure, the latter garment being made of tan diagonal cheviot in Spring weight.

Ladies' Shirtwaist  
No. 3195 and  
Yoke Skirt  
No. 3213

The very pretty dress in semi-princess style No. 3206, for misses from 13 to 17 years, is capable of two entirely different developments as shown by the back and front views. In the former it is made of dark red linen with yoke of all-over embroidery and trimming of dark red washable soutache. In the front view it is made of white swiss and band embroidery and is suitable for party wear, the yoke being omitted and the sleeves in elbow length. By adding a yoke of lace the latter style of the dress would be suitable for confirmation or graduation wear.

Girls' Dress No. 3196, has the new and effective epaulet bretelles, and may be made with high or low neck, long or three-quarter sleeves. It is designed for girls from 6 to 12 years, and here made of dotted and plain lawn, with garniture of lace and insertion.

Boys' Russian Suit No. 2194, is for little lads from 2 to 5 years, has a detachable collar and knickerbockers, and is here made of white linen hand scalloped with dark blue floss.

Misses' Dress  
No. 3206Boys' Russian  
Suit No. 3194Girls' Dress  
No. 3196Front view of  
No. 3206

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Treatment of Turn in Driveway



## A Garden for Every Home

By Samuel Armstrong Hamilton

Photographs by Frank Cremer



HERE is no question but that the words which form the title to this article should also form the motto of home makers, whether that home be owned or

rented for it will not be a real one unless it has some kind of a garden. Unfortunately, persons who are merely tenants of a building usually regard their gardens as they do their residences—merely as temporary stopping places. This feeling could be obviated if the owners of rented properties would themselves attend to the matter of making permanent flower and vegetable gardens on their properties, so that each tenant would find, on taking possession, a well-stocked and arranged plot of ground.

In almost every case they would take a pride in keeping it up, and leaving it in as good condition as when they took possession of it. It would be to the advantage of the property owner to do this, as a property will bring in a better rent, and attract a better class of tenants, if a good garden is attached. To the tenant who must make his own garden is as if he were compelled to paper the house at his own expense.

The science of garden making has made great strides forward in the past few years. It used to consist of merely turning the soil, giving it a more or less raking, and the planting of seeds, but that way of "making a garden" will not do under modern conditions. The work of the Agricultural Colleges, and the Experiment Stations, along with that of the high-class amateurs has so specialized the growing of flowers that the modern ones bear small resemblance to their older prototypes. Almost all the popular flowers have been so improved that it is impossible in many cases to even get seed of the types in common vogue fifteen years ago. The sweet-pea, aster, peony, gladioli, dahlia and chrysanthemum are typical of many other plants with which the specialists have been working along the lines of hybridization and selection.

But admitting these specialists have in this manner greatly improved the types of so many flowers does not account altogether for their present high standard. It has also taken the improved cultural methods evolved by the soil

specialists to bring to perfection the finer types which the plant-breeders can now show. The keynote to modern conditions in floriculture is improved cultural methods.

Now, there is nothing mysterious in the methods necessary for the best results in gardens; it merely requires a thorough understanding of the principles of soil making and the retention of fertility, and these are matters which can be comprehended by any one. The soil, be it said, is not naturally fertile. It may be likened to a batch of dough without yeast; it is dead, lifeless. But watch the transformation when we put into the soil what will cause an effect similar to that of yeast in dough; soil-bacteria, which are not really "soil-bacteria," but the bacteria of decaying animal and vegetable matter. Their effect, when the animal or vegetable matter is allowed to finish the last stages of decay in the soil, is to aerate and fill it with free nitrogen, ready for the use of the plant roots. This is the exact reason why we advise that only rotted manure be put on a garden. The unrotted is merely a clog to the soil until decay is complete and the bacteria released to perform their function. These bacteria are known as "beneficial bacteria," in contra-distinction to those which are harmful, many of which perform part of their life-histories within the soil, causing disease to those plants with which they come in contact. A soil may have every ingredient necessary to make a perfectly balanced plant-food, yet if it lacks free oxygen and nitrogen, it is comparatively sterile. The question is how to get the beneficial soil bacteria into the gardens, and the answer: By simply putting on plenty of well-rotted barn-yard manure, and working it well through the soil thus supplying it with the one ingredient which it must have to be good—humus, which is decaying animal and vegetable matter.

The action of humus on the soil is both chemical and mechanical; chemical, in that the bacteria appropriate from the air free nitrogen and convert it into nitrates, ready for plant food, and mechanical in that it makes the soil loose and porous, in which state it will permit of



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free root-growth, and retain moisture to nourish the plants. A soil free from humus will not receive or retain moisture, which is kept in the soil by capillary attraction, the same as it is kept in a sponge.

The above explanation will enable any one having a garden to understand why it is necessary for the best effects to do several things. First, the soil should be dug deep, taking up each time an inch or two of the sub-soil. This sub-soil is what the top-soil was originally before the humus and bacteria made it better, and each year one should aim to improve an inch or two of it in order to deepen the top-soil. Second, each year one should incorporate humus with the soil so that it will be loose and porous, and the plant-food it contains available at once for feeding the roots.

There are also soils which need correctional treatment. Gardens in localities which are naturally sandy or slaty, generally show a deficiency in lime. It used to be the belief that lime was itself a fertilizer, but science has dispelled that idea. Lime, being an alkaline, its mission is to sweeten soils which are too acid in their composition, and this often is the case in gardens where the soil is sandy or slaty,



If it is a light pink, give a light dressing, merely enough to give a faint white tinge to the soil, but if it be of a dark color, give enough to make the soil white all over.

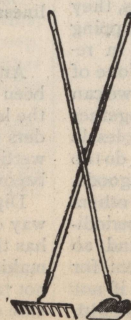
There are many supposed sterile gardens which simply need lime. There are also many which need phosphate or potash, but few will need the addition of either if they are annually dressed with well rotted manure, properly worked in. The garden should be dug as soon as the work can be done, and the soil prepared and made as fine as possible. It will likely be a month later before it will be safe to plant it, but this will give the opportunity for another top-fining, at the time of planting.

Much of the subsequent success of the garden depends on the manipulation of the soil at the time of planting. The old-time method of setting out plants just after a hard soaking rain has been superseded by a better method. When planting time comes we plant regardless of rain, for following the foregoing outlined method of preparing the soil we conserve the moisture, and it will not be dry more than an inch below the surface at the most at planting time in the Spring. By set-



Hydrangeas forming an approach to a porch

where lime has not been used regularly. Also, lime is used to unlock the ingredients of a chemical nature, which are otherwise not available for plant-food. It is possible for a garden to have in it inexhaustible stores of phosphate but tied up in an unavailable form. For these reasons it is plain that lime should be used with judgment in most gardens. The best form in which to use it is what is known as "slaked" lime, a fine white powder, the result of air-slaking of "quick-lime," the latter being lime fresh from the kiln. The slaked lime should be sprinkled on the surface of the freshly dug bed, and worked just under the surface with the rake. There is an easy way of telling whether the soil needs lime. Get a small piece of litmus-paper from a druggist, and press it against a piece of fresh moist soil. The soil must be moist from being freshly dug, and not from watering afterward. Keep the paper in place until it changes color. If the litmus-paper turns red, the soil is acid, and needs lime. If it turns blue, it is alkaline, and does not need lime. The degree of acidity can be told by the depth of the color.



ting out the plants at the proper time, and covering the earth around them with several inches of dry soil, they will have the proper conditions for successful growth, as moist soil is better for them than that which is soaking wet. If the weather be sunny at the time of setting the plants will need temporary shading.

It used to be considered that the soil should be entirely loose when planting seeds in the open ground, and the seeds barely covered, but the proper method is to get the soil as fine as possible, cover the seeds according to their size, and firm the soil by laying a board over the rows and walking on it. For flower seeds with hard shells, jump on the board to get it really firm. This firming must never be done to a soil wet enough to be "sticky." When the seedlings can be cultivated with the hoe, do not go deeper than two inches, but keep this fine and dry, breaking it up after rain to form a dust mulch. Deep cultivation is an injury—frequent shallow cultivation is what is needed. As seed houses advertising in THE HOUSEWIFE are thoroughly reliable our readers are advised to patronize them.



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# The Housewives' Circle

A Department Open to All who have Learned by Personal Test Some Method of Value in Home Making

Items accepted for this department will be paid for hereafter at regular rates. Those that are unavailable will be returned within ten days if accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope. Space is valuable in THE HOUSEWIFE so items must be brief but clearly expressed, and clippings, copied matter, cookery recipes, fancywork directions and medical advice cannot be used. Penmanship and literary style will not count as much as practical common-sense shown in really helpful contributions. Items for this department must not be enclosed with any other communications, and must be addressed to The Housewives' Circle, the A. D. Porter Co., 52 Duane Street, New York.

## Of Interest to Mothers

The child who has outgrown the high chair yet is not tall enough to eat in comfort when seated on an ordinary chair can be accommodated finely if four of the rubber-topped knobs used to keep doors from banging against the baseboard be screwed into the legs of the chair, thus not only elevating it two or three inches, but giving it a rubber cap on which to stand. The addition can be readily removed when the little one outgrows the new seat, and if the knobs or pegs be stained the same color as the wood of the chair they will be unnoticeable when in position.



Merino and all-wool stockings may be kept from shrinking by drying them over wooden forms cut from a thin piece of board. These are perfectly flat, and the shape, slightly enlarged all around, of the stocking when it is first purchased. Several stockings may be dried on the board one over the other, and will remain the original size when this precaution is observed. Babies' wool socks and stockings, also the little wool shirts, may be kept from shrinking in the same way, a special form being made for the shirt, and including the sleeves, if these be in wrist length. Woolen garments should never be allowed to soak, but washed quickly. E. B. D., of Illinois.

## Cleaning Silk

When the silk is stained surround the stain with magnesia, place a clean piece of blotting paper under the fabric, then rub the spot with benzine, using a clean piece of the silk itself, or a flannel cloth. When a grease stain on silk is light and small it may sometimes be removed with finely powdered bread crumbs or by a light coating of heated chalk or pipe clay, or by holding the spot over a hot iron to soften the grease and applying powdered chalk to it. Black silk can be quickly cleaned with equal parts of ammonia and black coffee. E. W., of Nebraska.

## Apple Blossoms Ahead of Spring

Have any of the Circle Sisters ever cut branches or twigs from an apple tree in February or March and put them in water and set in a warm dark place? In a marvelously short time the buds will swell, burst and tiny leaves come forth—now bring them out and set in our sunniest window and watch the blossoms come out. Before there is a sign of Spring out of doors you have the loveliest of all blossoms, apple-blossoms in your home. Other branches, flowering currant, flowering quince, pear, etc., will all blossom if treated in this way. Of course, you must add water occasionally, but it must not be too cold. The country sisters (I am one) have so few changes and diversions in the Winter that we ought to make use of any and every thing of the kind. Another odd thing is a hanging basket made from a turnip or carrot. Take a sharp knife and cut a round piece from the stem end of either and hollow it out carefully. Fill with water and hang in a sunny window, tie a heavy string around the carrot or turnip (the small white ones have the prettiest foliage) and a long loop of string from one side to the opposite one makes a good hanger. After a little the leaves will start and fall gracefully down over the shell, if we may call it so, renew the water as it evaporates. MILDRED HALL, of Ohio.



## Neighborly Co-operation

I live in a big block. Do any of the others? And I find I can co-operate to mutual profit with neighbors. They have, some of them, no children and I have four. So, sometimes, they take care of my babies and let me go shopping or to lectures or theaters, I sew for them in return. We often buy goods together. None of us need, or want, a barrel of apples, but we can all use a peck. So we buy a barrel together and divide. We get our apples at wholesale rates, but in retail quantities. We often do the same with rolled oats, potatoes and other goods. It is a splendid way and I don't see why others can't do the same. We subscribe for periodicals at club rates and lend them around, so that we get, really, often three nice papers for the price of one. Try it, friends. Even if not in a block, neighbors could follow the plan with profit. M. E. N., of Massachusetts.

## Additional Hints for Recipe Books

The home-made cook book idea given by "Eleanor" in THE HOUSEWIFE for January is good—it's identical with my own. But I add one thing she does not—under the name of each recipe I write its source, and following it comments on it, variations which may be made, and whether or not it is a favorite with my family. Thus in case of illness or emergency anyone could take my recipe book and give my family their pet dishes without troubling me, as I make a point of being more explicit than necessary for myself and include very simple dishes. For instance one page is:

Chocolate Cake—from Mrs. B., very good—keeps well. Recipe.

Following it: Cocoa may be substituted for chocolate. One teaspoon cinnamon for vanilla.

If from a paper by some expert I give the name that I may try other recipes by the same author as I come across them.

W. P. G., of Massachusetts.

## For Chapped Hands and the Babies

If one's hands are chapped and sore and become very much soiled, a lump of lard the size of a hickory nut, thoroughly rubbed in, and the hands washed in warm water, and with a pure soap, the dirt is removed as if by magic, and it also softens the hands, and heals the soreness.

By paying one and a fourth cents more on the quart than the usual price, I get pure, rich milk. My little folks just live on the milk, cereals and bread and sometimes fruit and it is hard to find a healthier family of little ones.

If a child has a hoarse, croupy cough, a tablespoon of melted lard, given them, will cure the hoarseness, prevent them from having croup, and acts as a laxative. O. M. A., of Ohio.

## Many Uses for Newspaper

There are numberless uses to which newspapers may be put by the housekeeper and those not used will bring in an acceptable little sum when sold to the rag man.

Keep one on the pan of the gas stove; removed once or twice a week, the disagreeable task of cleaning the pan will be done away with.

Clean fowls and trim meat on a newspaper. The waste pieces can be rolled up in the paper and the whole muss is taken care of in the one operation.

Clean the carpet sweeper on a paper, roll up the latter and burn it and the dust all together.

Use newspapers on the tray when clearing the table. They will catch crumbs and refuse can then be scraped into them and all burned in the stove.

Use papers for polishing silverware, glassware, windows, etc.

Roll woollens and silks in them to keep out the moths.

Put papers on the fruit and pantry shelves and wrap up the clean jelly glasses in them when the former are put away for the season. Mrs. C. F. S., of Michigan.

## Home-Made Clothes Hangers

An ingenious and thoughtful father among our neighbors has made a stand to hold the children's clothes at night. He took a curtain pole about two and a half inches in diameter and a yard long and nailed it securely so that it stood perpendicularly upon a support mounted on casters. Three clothes hooks were next screwed into the pole at convenient distances and the top finished off with a door bumper. On preparing for bed at night each child hangs his clothes on his own hook as he removes them. In the morning each garment is aired and fresh without wrinkles, ready to put on, and the rack is put away for the day bearing the nightgowns. Not only does this little contrivance save the mother many steps, but it inculcates habits of orderliness. C. F. S., of Michigan.

## Pennsylvania Contributors

An excellent treatment for shoes that have been rain soaked is to rub vaseline well into the leather when nearly dry. This will do wonders toward removing the bad effects of the wetting and prevent the shoes from cracking or becoming hard and hurtful to the feet.

Dipping plates in hot water is a very quick way of heating them for the table. This method has the advantage of being quick and also of making all the plates of uniform heat, also does not take up any space in your oven or on the side of the stove nor yet does it crack your nice china. ELIZABETH G., of Pennsylvania.



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## Anne of Green Gables

Continued from page 17

"and I always will, you may be sure of that."  
"And I will always love thee, Diana," said Anne. "Diana, wilt thou give me a lock of thy jet-black tresses in parting to treasure forever?"  
"Have you got anything to cut it with?" queried Diana.  
"Yes. I've got my patchwork scissors in my apron pocket," said Anne. She clipped one of Diana's curls. "Fare thee well, my beloved friend," she said mournfully, then went home crying bitterly.

"It is all over, Marilla. I shall never have another friend. Diana gave me a lock of her hair. Please see that it is buried with me, for I don't believe I'll live very long. Perhaps when she sees me lying cold and dead before her Mrs. Barry may feel remorse for what she has done and let Diana come to my funeral."

"I don't think there is much fear of your dying of grief as long as you can talk, Anne," said Marilla.

The following Monday Anne surprised Marilla by coming down with her books on her arm.

"I'm going back to school," she announced. "That is all there is left in life for me, now that my friend has been torn from me. In school I can look at her and muse over days departed."

"You'd better muse over your lessons and sums," said Marilla. "If you're going back to school I hope we'll hear no more of breaking slates over people's heads and such carryings-on."

"I'll try to be a model pupil," agreed Anne dolefully. "There won't be much fun in it, I expect."

Anne was welcomed back to school with open arms. Ruby Gillis smuggled three blue plums over to her during testament reading; Ella May Macpherson gave her an enormous yellow pansy cut from the covers of a floral catalogue. Sophia Sloane offered to teach her a perfectly elegant pattern of knit lace, so nice for trimming aprons. Kate Boulter gave her a perfume bottle to keep slate-water in and Julia Bell copied on a piece of pale pink paper, scalloped on the edges, the following:

"TO ANNE

"When twilight drops her curtain down  
And pins it with a star  
Remember that you have a friend  
Though she may wander far."

"It's so nice to be appreciated," sighed Anne rapturously to Marilla that night.

When Anne went to her seat after dinner hour she found on her desk a luscious "strawberry apple." She caught it up to take a bite, when she remembered that the only place in Avonlea where strawberry apples grew was in the old Blythe orchard on the other side of the Lake of Shining Waters. She dropped the apple as if it were a red-hot coal and wiped her fingers on her handkerchief.

But as,

"The Caesar's pageant shorn of Brutus' bust  
Did but of Rome's best son remind her more,"

so the absence of any recognition from Diana Barry, who was sitting with Gertie Pye, embittered Anne's triumph.

"Diana might just have smiled at me once, I think," she mourned to Marilla that night. But the next morning a note and a small parcel were passed across to Anne.

"Dear Anne," ran the former, "Mother says I'm not to play with you or talk to you even in school. It isn't my fault and don't be cross at me, because I love you as much as ever. I miss you awfully and I don't like Gertie Pye one bit. I made you one of the new bookmarkers out of red tissue paper. They are awfully fashionable now and only three girls in school know how to make them. When you look at it remember  
Your true friend,  
"DIANA BARRY."

Anne read the note, kissed the bookmark, and despatched a prompt reply back to the other side of the school.

"MY OWN DARLING DIANA:—

"Of course I am not cross at you because you have to obey your mother. Our spirits can commune. I shall keep your lovely present forever. Minnie Andrews is a very nice little girl—although she has no imagination—but after having been Diana's busum friend I cannot be Minnie's. Please excuse mistakes because my spelling isn't very good yet, although much improved. Yours until death us do part,  
"ANNE OF CORDELIA SHIRLEY."

"P. S. I shall sleep with your letter under my pillow to-night.  
A. O. C. S."

Marilla expected more trouble since Anne had again begun to go to school. But none developed. She would not admit that she meant to rival Gilbert in school work, because that would have been to acknowledge his existence which Anne persistently ignored; but the rivalry was there and Gilbert was head of the spelling class; now Anne, with a toss of her long red braids, spelled him down. One morning Gilbert had all his sums done correctly and his name on the blackboard on the roll of honor; the next morning Anne would be first. One awful day they were tied and their names were written up together. It was almost as bad as a "take-notice" and Anne's mortification was as evident as Gilbert's satisfaction. When the written examinations were held the suspense was terrible. The first month Gilbert came out three marks ahead. The second Anne beat him by five. But her triumph was marred be-

cause Gilbert congratulated her before the whole school. By the end of the term Anne and Gilbert were both promoted and began studying Latin, geometry, French and algebra. In geometry Anne met her Waterloo.

"It's perfectly awful stuff, Marilla," she groaned. "I'm sure I'll never be able to make head or tail of it. There is no scope for imagination in it at all. Mr. Phillips says I'm the worst dunce he ever saw at it. And Gil—some of the others are so smart at it. Even Diana gets along better than I do. I don't mind being beaten by Diana, I love her with an inextinguishable love."

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### ANNE TO THE RESCUE

In January the Premier came, to address his loyal supporters and such of his non-supporters as chose to be present at the mass meeting in Charlottetown. Most of the Avonlea people were on the Premier's side of politics. Mrs. Rachel Lynde had gone and had taken her husband—Thomas would be useful in looking after the horse—and Marilla Cuthbert with her leaving Anne and Matthew to keep house.

While Marilla and Mrs. Rachel were enjoying themselves at the mass meeting, Anne and Matthew had the cheerful kitchen at Green Gables all to themselves. A bright fire was glowing in the Waterloo stove and blue-white frost crystals were shining on the window-panes.

"Matthew, did you ever study geometry when you went to school?" asked Anne.

"Well now, no, I didn't," said Matthew.

"I wish you had," sighed Anne, "because then you'd be able to sympathize with me. It is casting a cloud over my whole life. I'm such a dunce at it, Matthew."

"Well now, I dunno," said Matthew. "I guess you're all right at anything. Mr. Phillips told me last week in Blair's store at Carmody that you were the smartest scholar in school and was making rapid progress. 'Rapid progress' was his very words."

"I'm sure I'd get on better with geometry if only he wouldn't change the letters," complained Anne. "I learn the proposition off by heart, and then he draws it on the blackboard and puts different letters from what are in the book and I get all mixed up. We're studying agriculture now and I've found out at last what makes the roads red. I wonder how Marilla and Mrs. Lynde are enjoying themselves. Mrs. Lynde says Canada is going to the dogs the way things are being run at Ottawa. She says if women were allowed to vote we would soon see a blessed change. What way do you vote, Matthew?"

"Conservative," said Matthew promptly. To vote Conservative was part of Matthew's religion.

"Then I'm Conservative too," said Anne. "I'm glad, because Gil—because some of the boys in school are Grits. I guess Mr. Phillips is a Grit, because Prissy Andrews' father is one, and Ruby Gillis says that when a man is courting he always has to agree with the girl's mother in religion and her father in politics. Is that true, Matthew?"

"Well now, I dunno," said Matthew.

"Did you ever go courting, Matthew?"

"Well now, no, I dunno's I ever did," said Matthew, who had never thought of such a thing.

"It must be rather interesting, don't you think, Matthew? Ruby Gillis says when she grows up she's going to have ever so many beaux on the string and have them all crazy about her. Ruby knows a great deal about such matters because she has so many big sisters, and Mrs. Lynde says the Gillis girls have gone off like hot cakes. Mr. Phillips goes up to see Prissy Andrews nearly every evening. He says it is to help her with her lessons."

"Well, I suppose I must finish my lessons. I won't allow myself to open that new book until I'm through. But it's a terrible temptation, Matthew. Even when I turn my back I can see it there just as plain. Jane said she cried herself sick over it. I love a book that makes me cry. But I think I'll carry that book into the sitting-room and lock it in the jam closet and give you the key. And you must not give it to me, Matthew, until my lessons are done. And then shall I run down cellar and get some russets, Matthew? Wouldn't you like some russets?"

"Well now, I dunno but what I would," said Matthew, who never ate russets but knew Anne's weakness for them.

Just as Anne emerged from the cellar with her russets came the sound of flying footsteps on the icy board walk outside and the next moment the kitchen door was flung open and in rushed Diana Barry with a shawl wrapped around her head.

"Whatever is the matter Diana?" cried Anne. "Has your mother relented at last?"

"Oh, Anne, do come quick," implored Diana. "Minnie May is awful sick—she's got croup. Young Mary Joe says—and father and mother are away to town and there's nobody to go for the doctor."

Matthew reached out for cap and coat, slipped past Diana into the darkness of the yard.

"He's gone to harness the sorrel mare to go to Carmody for the doctor," said Anne, who was hurrying on hood and jacket.

TO BE CONTINUED

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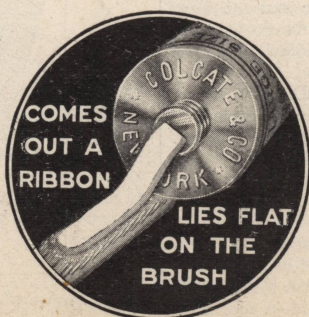


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